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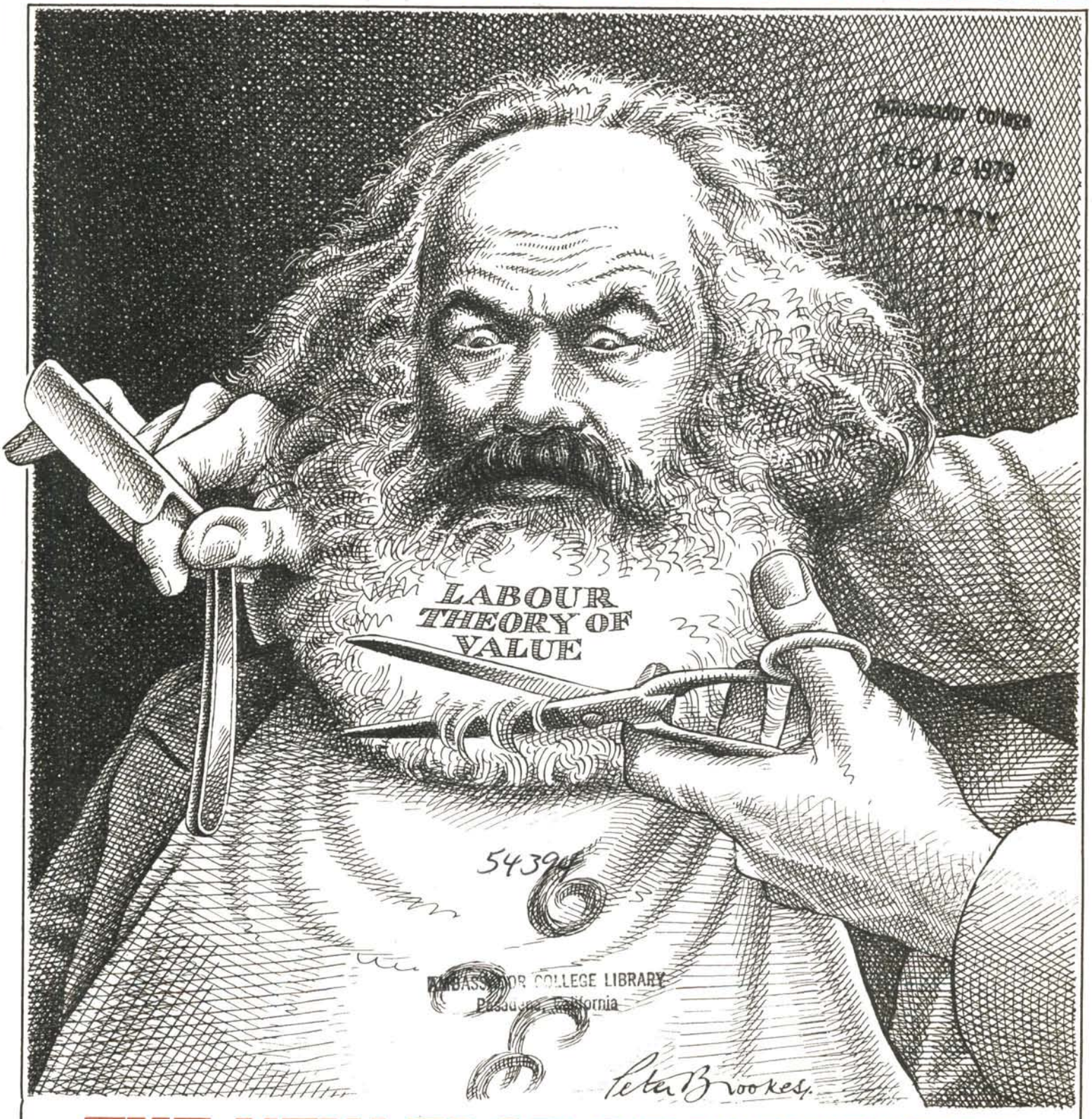
NEW STATESMAN



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THE NEW FACE OF MARXISM

Who's afraid of the Labour Theory of Value?

Iran's opposition/The co-op conspiracy

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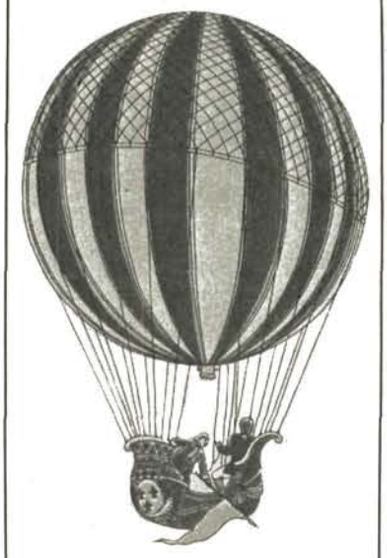
Prospects for '79



perilous, but not unpromising

IT IS NEVER HARD, at the start of a New Year, to show that the prospects for human affairs are dim and disagreeable. Indeed, the Left is routinely accused of doing so – though to be sure, it is the pseudo-Solzhenitsyns and jobbing-prophets of the Right who undertake most of the business in rich, dark melancholy.

There are two legitimate difficulties in expressing decent cheerfulness about the state of the world: first, that it may appear simply callous when human suffering remains widespread (and none of us will live to see a world where it is not); second, one is always in danger of looking a fool, because human prosperity, however solid it may seem, is always vulnerable (therefore, optimism requires more nerve than pessimism). But neither of these two restraints should prevent us from seeing the signs of hope when they appear. We may be called upon, some day, to live – like Nadezhda Mandelstam – with hope abandoned. In the Western countries, we are not yet called on to do so, and as the seventies draw to their end, there are two particular reasons for modest hopefulness. Internationally, there is more and more evidence that the time of the super-powers, like the time of the great lizards, is over. Nationally, there are at last real signs that the curious, soft-faced tryanny which has dominated our lives for most of this century is beginning to disintegrate. (The definition here is an old and useful one which may be found in Plato: the important distinction is between the despot, who strives fiercely to impose his will, and the tyrant, who, lacking any will or direction of his own, floats without effect upon waves which he merely pretends to be controlling.)

Most of us grew up in a bi-polar world, where the 'Soviet system' supposedly struggled for mastery against the 'American system'. As nations and as individuals, we were to be judged on an allegiance in this Manichean contest. Today America and the Soviet Union, though lacking their old pre-eminence, retain vast physical power. But morally and politically both super-powers are bankrupt.

The USSR is the simpler case: its régime has nothing to say except what can be said with a gun. For that reason, it will remain a source of weapons for nationalists unable to get them anywhere else. Residually, Soviet power will help sustain some anti-imperialist positions. But no new nationalist society, however tortured and despotic, is likely to aspire to membership of the Soviet system by re-creating itself in the Soviet image.

The American case is complex. It is only in its superpower role that America is bankrupt – literally, in the sense that the once-invulnerable dollar has been wrecked by hydrocarbon profligacy and by military adventures. The military defeats themselves may have been over-remarked: more subtly, the Americans have been defeated upon the proposition that no other political economy but theirs could sustain the production of material wealth – and that this lure would be so powerful as to enforce the total capitulation of the national bourgeoisie, and the aspirant workers, in every other industrial country. It just has not turned out that way. Several European societies have outstripped the United States in prosperity, without having paid an American-style price in political, social and environmental damage. The anxiety of the British Left to demonstrate the imperfections of European social-democracy often allows the propagandists of capitalism to avoid the highly-embarrassing point that the successful societies of Western Europe are to the Left of the much-promoted American model.

For all that, America is not bankrupt as a society, in the manner of the USSR. America the template of the world was always impracticable, and is now obviously so. But in any community of real democracy – if such can be maintained – the Americans and their tradition are simply indispensable. Almost anywhere in the world that we set out to demand openness, and to make our masters accountable to us, the examples on which we draw are largely, sometimes wholly, American, and without them our powers would be decimated.

IT IS IN this field of political liberty, and particularly in countries close to Britain, that we have had the best of our good news lately. Outside the Soviet sphere, and even inside it, there have been stirrings which might have seemed impossible a few years ago – there is no great city without some reasonable approximation of a free press, none in which the secret policeman operates quite untrammelled, none where torture and arbitrary imprisonment is a shameless instrument of official policy. (It is, of course, in Ulster under British policy that these definitions have been stretched, and broken, with some frequency.) Perilous as all this may be, and haunted by terrorism, it has been a long lifetime since anything similar could be said.

In this country, our situation is certainly curious. Until quite recently Britain was regarded by many well-intentioned persons as an unusually well-governed place, with a polity immune from the corruptions endemic everywhere else. Things are now seen to be otherwise: we are ruled, not by evil despots, but by people who are rarely more than fixers, con-men, quick-change artists and bluff cynics. They have, generally speaking, preserved their illusionists' tyranny over us for many years by drawing a magic cloak of secrecy about their affairs – even when we have had honest and gifted politicians or administrators, they have co-operated in this sad trickery.

The jig, at long last, is surely up. There is a good deal of nonsense talked and written about 'faith in government' having been shaken – as though faith in government were a good thing in a free people. The encouraging truth is that groups and individuals among us have acquired new faith in the propriety and usefulness of their own right to ask questions – about the way government works, about the way children are taught, about the priorities that international companies set themselves in Britain.

If this country is to make its way in the complex, dangerous – but in some respects, infinitely more hopeful – world which is coming into existence, its overriding need is an open and rigorous public life, in which the skills of the illusionist will no longer be of such value. As Macmillan, Wilson and their acolytes fade into oblivion, it seems that we are beginning to make some measurable – if still difficult – progress in the direction we need to take.

NOTES

Taking precautions

Brian Trench writes from Dublin: The Irish double-think on matters of birth control has been raised to a higher plane with the publication, shortly before Christmas, of the government's Health (Family Planning) Bill. Designed to tidy up a legislative mess which made it legal to buy contraceptives but illegal to sell them, the Bill would multiply the anomalies if passed by the Dail and Senate next month. It would require a doctor's prescription for all forms of artificial contraception, and gives doctors the onus of determining that these are to be used for 'bona fide family planning purposes'.

The appearance of the Bill follows consultations between the Health Minister, Charles Haughey, and 'interested parties' – bishops, health boards, doctors, trade unions and family planning organisations. But in attempting a balancing act between them all, Haughey has pleased no-one. The anti-contraception lobby, led by conservative Catholic lay organisations, is more strident than ever, claiming that legal availability of contraceptives inevitably leads on to abortion. Meanwhile, the pro-contraception lobby objects to doctors being given the role of moral conscience.

It has always been possible for those with the necessary means to buy contraceptives for their own use in Northern Ireland. The new Bill cements that privilege by specifically permitting the import of contraceptives, without a licence, for personal use. In recent years, the eight independent family planning clinics – four in Dublin, and four in provincial towns – have met part of the growing demand from much wider social strata, as well as providing the only specialist training for doctors in birth control methods. The authorities have allowed the clinics and, more recently, a shop called 'Contraceptives Unlimited' to sell contraceptives in open defiance of the existing law.

'This is a family planning Bill, not a contraceptives Bill,' announced the Minister, emphasising that the state will not have to spend any public

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money on contraceptives. In fact there is a way round this blatant discrimination against lower income groups. The Pill has been prescribed to such people, who are entitled to free medical services, as a 'cycle regulator' – the state spends over £1 million annually on various types – and condoms have been prescribed for urinary problems. Public spending on contraceptives is hidden in the accounts of the General Medical Services (Payments) Boards as 'other items'. The state has an income from contraceptives too: VAT charges on all forms were set at 20 per cent last year.

Hard times at Dunlop

Steve Kelly writes: Following weeks of speculation, Dunlop, the multinational rubber company, is poised to announce 3,500 redundancies at its Speke plant in Merseyside, where unemployment is already over 12 per cent. Opened in 1946, the factory – once an aircraft hangar – used to employ 8,000 workers, producing Dunlop's exclusive range of tennis balls, table tennis bats, sports shoes, dolls and motor cycle tyres. But by the beginning of the sixties the factory was only producing rubber conveyor belts and crossply tyres for tractors and heavy lorries. The rest of the lucrative range had been transferred to other Dunlop factories, leaving Speke exposed to the crisis in the European tyre industry.

Over capacity in the European tyre industry is reckoned to be of the order of 20 per cent. The 1973 oil crisis, a cut back in motoring and a technological breakthrough - which resulted in a switch from the old cross ply tyre to the new steel braced radial, capable of twice the mileage – have all hit the industry hard. In 1973 Britain was manufacturing nearly 10 million cross ply tyres; now we make 4 million, while radial production has leapt from 16 million to 20 million tyres a year.

Cheap foreign imports – from East and West Germany, France, Czechoslovakia, and Eire – have captured half the UK market, compared with a quarter three years ago. Ironically, Dunlop has helped the import boom by bringing in tyres for its own outlets. Britain's share of the world market has collapsed from 22 per cent in 1961 to 8 per cent last year.

Dunlop's profits have been hurt less than one might imagine, although they fell £10 million in the first six months of this year to £22 million – compared with £74 million in the whole of 1976. About half of Dunlop's capital is employed in the tyre business, but this makes only about a sixth of its profits – partly as a result of the problems of the tyre industry, and partly as a result of diversification. Most of this year's £75 million investment programme is going in to the non-tyre side. The Speke workforce have already laid plans for the takeover of the factory if the company tries to close it. The chief shop stewards, led by Stan Pemberton, national president of the TGWU, were given the unanimous backing of a mass meeting last month to fight the redundancies.

Begin's new land grab

Ian Black writes from Jerusalem: The recent abortive attempts by the Gush Emunim ('Bloc of the Faithful') Movement to establish settlements on Arab land achieved their aim of maximum publicity. But they should not be allowed to obscure the fact that it is still official policy of the Israeli government to expand existing settlements in the occupied territories, confiscate land and prevent the emergence of any local backing for Palestinian autonomy in the West Bank and the Gaza Strip.

Shortly before Christmas, the West Bank military government fenced off about 150 acres of privately owned Arab agricultural land between Hebron and the adjoining Jewish 'suburb' at Kiryat Arba. About 30 local families found their homes surrounded with barbed wire, which they must now negotiate in order to reach their vineyards. They also need special passes from the military government to enter the area.

A much larger section of land in the area – several thousand acres – was first seized in 1970, but until last month the locals were allowed to cultivate their crops there without interruption. The original seizure, ostensibly for 'military purposes' was in fact intended to allow the expansion of Kiryat Arba, a move which proved quite unnecessary because there was a surplus of accommodation for Jews wishing to settle in the area. Even today there are some 600 empty flats there.

Prime Minister Begin maintains his ideological stance on the inalienable right of Jews to settle in 'Judea and Samaria', while insisting that he is still firmly committed to the Autonomy. The scheme faces growing opposition not only from within Begin's own party, but also from the Labour opposition, which continues to tout its long defunct 'Jordanian Option' and fulminate against the dangers of sowing the seed of a Palestinian state in the West Bank and Gaza.

The most significant political development in Israel in 1979 could well be the increasing polarisation between 'hawks' and 'doves' across party lines. Ever since the Camp David agreement, unofficial and largely unreported contacts have been going on between extremist groups such as Gush Emunim and the Land of Israel Movement, and dissatisfied coteries and individuals – including government ministers – both from the ranks of the Likud coalition and from the opposition benches.

'Modalities' in Ghana

Peter Milne writes: The staggering deterioration of Ghana's economy, leading to a wave of protest strikes last year, has forced the Supreme Military Council to promise a return to civilian rule. The ban on political parties was lifted on 1 January and elections follow in July, but subject to 'modalities' – the government's euphemism for restrictions. One modality is that after the election the winning party should join with the losers to form a national government: military leader General Akuffo thinks that a coalition might not be so keen to rake up the past, which could be nasty for brother officers.

Another modality is that former parties and their symbols are not allowed, so new labels are required. This may be the first of further measures to throw sand in the wheels of the Convention People's Party of Kwame Nkrumah. Though banned since the 1966 coup, the CPP moved to London and sent back to Ghana a periodical, *The Dawn*, which infuriated brass hats with spicy details of their misdoings. By capitalising on memories of the Nkrumah years, which seem a golden age compared with recent privations, the CPP might have had a huge headstart over the only likely rival of significance, the Progress Party.

The CPP's successor was quickly announced as the People's Revolutionary Party, whose ideology will be the scientific socialism of Nkrumah. Chairman of the PRP's steering committee is an able and energetic lawyer, Johnny Hansen, who, according to Ghana watchers, played no small part in the unseating of the militiary over the past year. While being the apparent leader of the New Left he is also well regarded by the influential professional classes.

Two of the front runners for the leadership of the rival Progress Party, J. H. Mensah and Richard Quarshie, have been tripped up by the Taylor Commission's inquiries into their finances, but in any case the PP's prospects look no better than in the old days. Then it was an ethnically based party with a bourgeois and Anglophile leadership, supported by the Western media. If the CPP campaigns, as expected, on a Broad Left ticket the election could be a one horse race, provided political activity is not too clobbered by 'modalities' Fortunately, however, the civilian rule caravan now seems unstoppable whatever is thrown in its path.

Death in Cambodia

ALMOST EVERYBODY who joined the movement against imperialism's wars in South-East Asia found that Dr Malcolm Caldwell was there before them. After the fantastic massacre which followed the 1965 coup in Indonesia, Caldwell wrote, spoke and campaigned virtually alone to alert public opinion to the meaning of 'stability' in that country. He was a tireless and charming figure; though even in those days he alarmed his comrades by displaying touches of fanaticism (as when, appointed chairman of CND, he wrote an article for its paper which gave enthusiastic support to the Chinese A-Bomb).

Even if he had known the risks of his fatal trip to Cambodia last month, he would still undoubtedly have undertaken it. He could hardly have done otherwise after his single-minded (and singlehanded) campaign to justify the regime of the Khmer Rouge. Once the revolutionary government of Vietnam had denounced its former Cambodian ally as 'genocidal' there were very few volunteers for the job of defending it — but Caldwell was undeterred. In fact, the more often he was attacked by the Bernard Levins of this world, the more certain he became that he was right (a dangerous logic, as students of the 1930s will know). Certainly the gloating editorial on his death which appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* would have confirmed his view of the morality of the Conservative press.

But some things, as Orwell pointed out, are true even though the *Daily Telegraph* says so. Nobody denies that the access to power of the Khmer Rouge has been the excuse for a truly epoch-making bloodbath. Even Caldwell, in some of his sallies into print, was reduced to haggling over the exact number of those killed. And, since he had never argued for or predicted the spectacular brutality of the Khmer Rouge regime, it looked unconvincing for Caldwell to argue that such measures had been 'historically necessary' all along.

Almost his last published article was a lament about the new turn of events in People's China, where it seemed to Caldwell that the great schemes of the Cultural Revolution had been forgotten in a rush of commerce and opportunism. He must have regretted that the new lot would inherit the nuclear weapons which he had so keenly advocated for the old. But certainly, if the 'Gang of Four' have a monument, it is the new Cambodia which they helped to birth and still (cheered on by the ultra-Right in the West) defend against 'Soviet social-imperialism'.

The genocidal American bombing was also, it need hardly be added, a midwife to the Cambodian regime. But this will hardly do for an exculpation. Twenty years ago, the supporters of Stalinist methods could claim a homeland from Eastern Germany to the west coast of China. Now, they are reduced to a few square miles of solidarity around Tirana and Phnom Penh. All else is conflict and repression within the family. Lenin said of Bernard Shaw that he was 'a good man fallen among Fabians'. The life and death of Malcolm Caldwell show how an attachment to Stalinism can undermine even the most selfless set of beliefs.

Christopher Hitchens

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IRAN
Fred Halliday

Stories of 'mad mullahs' mask a wider public revolt

The coalition against the Shah

THE SCALE of the Iranian opposition movement, coupled with its sudden emergence after fifteen years of apparently tranquil monarchical dictatorship, has left many people bewildered. Carter has publicly upbraided the CIA for failing to predict the depth of hostility to the Shah. And much of the commentary abroad has focused on the presence in the opposition movement of the religious officials, the mullahs, headed by the exiled Ayatollah Khomeini. It has been commonly said that the opposition is 'reactionary' in character, or that the Shah has encountered opposition by 'going too quickly' in his industrialisation programme. Closer study shows, however, that whilst there is a definite religious component in the opposition, its major causes, personnel and demands are manifestly secular, and that the social opposition to the Shah's programme is based on the grossly unequal, corrupt and inefficient character of what he has grandiosely called his 'Shah-people revolution'.

Whilst no one could have predicted exactly when the popular explosion in Iran would come, the forms of political power and social change in that country over recent years have exemplified the classic recipe for social revolution, viz, rapid economic and social development combined with political immobility. With a brief interlude in the early 1960s, no legal political opposition has been permitted since the army and the CIA put the Shah back into power and ousted Mossadeq in August 1953. The memory of that period, when Iran had a legally elected parliament and government, has remained extremely strong, whatever the problems of the Mossadeq era itself. Many thousands of people have felt the impact of that twenty-five year repression: imprisonment, torture, death, exile, censorship have been common occurrences for those Iranians opposed to the Shah.

Even those unwilling to begin active opposition have been resentful and humiliated by the lack of elementary political and cultural freedoms and the idiocy of the official royalist propaganda they have had to endure. In some ways, this became a greater problem for many people after 1975 when they were forced to join the Shah's new mass party, the Rastakhiz, whilst at the same time the gap between Iran's economic pretensions and its political sterility became ever more patent.

A second major cause of unrest has been the grossly unequal character of the recent economic development. Income inequality has grown spectacularly, so that today 10 per cent of the population account for 40 per cent of consumption, and the gap between urban and rural incomes is over five to one. Whilst the rich have built luxurious villas in north Tehran there has been little low income housing for the mass of urban poor and health and educational facilities have, despite much official propaganda, been deplorable. Corruption has pervaded the whole of the state and has again been fuelled by the increased monies coming from the oil boom, and as the oil boom has come to an end since 1976 a whole series of disruptions – of electricity, water, food supplies – have further worsened an urban life made ever more intolerable by pollution, traffic congestion and uncontrolled construction speculation.

The most deprived areas of Iranian society remain those in the countryside, where half of the population still live, and where, after a land reform in the 1960s that benefited richer peasants, half of all families, i.e. about 1.75 million, are now landless. But it is in the towns, some of which like Isfahan have doubled in population in the last decade, that the greatest opposition protests have been possible and where the anger of the urban poor has been most evident.

A whole number of different social groups can be identified in the mass of protesting crowds. The urban poor themselves may or may not have permanent employment but apart from an upper layer of around 750,000 who work in modern industrial plants most of the over three million urban wage-earners in manufacturing and construction have had little to ward off the brunt of the recent years. Many spend up to 70 per cent of their incomes on rent, and for the unskilled wages have been far overtaken by inflation. To them the rhetoric about the 'Shah-people revolution' must appear a brutal fraud. A separate identifiable group are the student population, in higher and secondary education, many of them destined to be eliminated in the race for the degree that is a prerequisite for desirable white-collar employment, and all of them victims of the overcrowding that has resulted from the recent rapid expansion of Iranian education. The protest movement began in 1977 amongst the students and writers and it is they who, over the past two decades, have provided the most sustained evident opposition to the Shah's regime.

But even amongst those who have benefited in some degree from the oil boom it is possible now to see substantial evidence of hostility to the regime. Although strikes (all illegal) were comparatively infrequent in the earlier months of popular protest, they have become a major instrument of protest since the impostion of martial law banned overt political activity in September: the 800,000 civil servants, who must to some extent be deemed to benefit from the state's revenues, and the oil workers are amongst those that have shown their capacity to act. Independent trades union activity is banned and employees are urged to join the over 1,000 official unions run by the Ministry of Labour and SAVAK. Yet despite the difficulties of any trades union organisation, especially one that goes beyond the local and spontaneous level, sustained opposition at the place of work has been extremely prominent since September.

A CENTRE of organisation of the opposition has, since early 1978, been the bazaar, the traditional area of each city for trade and money-lending and which has historically had close ties to the mosque. It is through the bazaar that the mullahs have been able to play such a vital political role. Although to some extent displaced by the rise of banks and non-bazaar shops, the bazaar has still a powerful role in Iranian life, controlling three-quarters of retail trade and a third of all imports. The merchants have certainly been able to gain control of some of the new oil moneys and the result has been that the money they pay to the mullahs as religious tax (*zakat*) has also increased. It has been said that the mullahs receive more in *zakat* than the state does in secular trade. The 180,000 mullahs in Iran and the large body of mosque officials, shrine attendants and procession leaders they have around them are therefore able, by virtue of *zakat* from the bazaar, to exist as an independent institution vis-à-vis the state – the only national institution in Iran to do so.

Despite their continued prosperity and access to money, the merchants and mullahs have for their own reasons conflicted with the state in recent years. In the mid-1970s the authorities tried to impose their own officially-sponsored guild system on the Tehran bazaar, whilst in 1975 the Tehran municipality unveiled a plan to build a new eight-lane urban highway that would have gone right through the bazaar area. In the same year the Shah, in an attempt to win some public favour, launched an 'anti-profiteering' campaign in which over 8,000 businessmen and shopkeepers were given short prison sentences and another 23,000 were deported to remote parts of the country.

This was a provocative move and one which, given the much greater corruption known to be rampant among the Shah's own relatives and associates, won him little sympathy with the rest of the population.

The hostility of the mullahs is more complex than they, or their critics, often indicate. Over the past fifty years they have lost control of the three major areas of social power – education and the law have been secularised, and they lost their *waqf* lands, under 2 per cent the total cultivated area, in the land reform. But because *zakat* is paid direct to them (as opposed to the state, as in other Islamic countries) they have been able to remain independent.

Some of their hostility reflects this encroachment of the regime into their preserves. They have also been opposed to the form that the emancipation of women has taken. It is not clear that they opposed the granting of votes to women in 1963, but Ayatollah Khomeini at least opposed the reform of Muslim divorce in the 1967 Family Protection Act, and recent government moves – closing the Ministry of Women's Affairs and outlawing abortion – indicate the retrograde direction of the mullahs' sentiments on the matter.

Yet it is not enough simply to see the recent revolt as one that is conservative as far as women are concerned. First of all, these are the first mass demonstrations in Iranian history in which women have played a substantial and active role – hardly an index of their enslavement. And whilst Khomeini represents a conservative Islamic orientation, many of the students and civil servants involved in the protests are, if they espouse an Islamic approach, followers of the reformist Islam propagated by the late Dr Ali Sharriati, a modernising theologian who was imprisoned by SAVAK in the late 1960s and who died in London in 1975 as a result of his treatment.

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Sharriati explicitly supported the emancipation of women from the home and their full political equality with men, whilst doing so within an Islamic moral framework.

The claim that the mullahs opposed land reform is frequently made by the Shah but the evidence on this is inconclusive: certainly the mullahs opposed the confiscation of their own *waqf* land, but land reform is no longer an issue since even those landowners who lost their property were handsomely compensated by the Shah.

More important as a criticism of the Islamic opposition is their endorsement of popular prejudice against the fanatical Bahai sect, which broke from Islam in the mid-nineteenth century and has been anathematised ever since. No doubt some leading Bahai, such as Hojjab Razdani the leading shareholder in the Bank Saderat, are amongst the most legitimately detested people in Iran. But the blanket prejudice against the Bahai is a form of native Iranian anti-semitism, a 'socialism of fools' that obscures the deeper issues at stake. But the mullahs and Ayatollahs are not a coherent body and Islam does not have a structured hierarchy of the Christian type. Khomeini himself owes his reputation to moral example and not to any special religious prominence: he was a relatively obscure preacher in a theological seminary in Qom until his fiery speeches against the Shah in 1963 brought him notoriety and eventually exile. People have looked to him above all because he has been outside the country and able to say what an increasing number of people have felt but been unable to say, namely 'the Shah must go'. Khomeini outside and the religious leaders inside do not themselves want to constitute a government: they see themselves, in a traditional Islamic way, as the moral guides of the community. In a post-Shah regime there would no doubt be some mullahs in parliament as there have been in previous periods, but their main power would be an indirect one upon those secular politicians elected to the legislature.

WITHOUT LAYING undue emphasis on this point, it must be remembered that in previous periods of Iranian history – in the protests against the British tobacco concessions in the 1890s, in the constitutional revolution of 1906-1912, and in the 1940s – mullahs gave voice to popular grievances and to nationalist sentiment. Under the last two decades of Pahlavi rule, moreover, the mosque has been the one place to which the population has been able to turn to hear an unofficial point of view and Khomeini's main demand is eminently secular – a restoration of the constitution.

The Shah's greatest political achievement may indeed have been his ability to cut the population off from the secular political groups of the kind that did dominate Iranian politics in the 1940s. And, as in collapsing dictatorships like Spain, Greece and Portugal, it is far too early to say how strong the groups now emerging from the shadows are. But given the longer-run reticence of the mullahs as a political force and their relative incoherence beyond a few basic demands political office will have to be assumed by representatives of these groups.

The National Front is a loose coalition, formed by a group of political parties in the 1944-1947 parliament and led till 1953 by Mossadeq; it has the strength of being the undisputed inheritor of the constitutional tradition, but lacks any proper organisational structure. Its main components are the Iran Party and the Iran nationalist Party, both of them long-standing constituents of the Front, and a third grouping, the Society of Iranian Socialists. The latter is the descendant of a social-democratic grouping that broke from the communist party in the 1940s.

Most of its leaders are well-connected and were prominent in earlier periods of political activity: Karim Sanjabi, a graduate in law of the Sorbonne, is the son of a leader of the constitutional revolution and represented Iran at the International Court in the Hague during the 1951-3 oil crisis; Shahpour Bakhtiar, the man now trying to lead a cabinet is a relative both of the Shah's second wife, Soraya, and of General Teimur Bakhtiar, the first head of SAVAK who was later exiled and assassinated by the Shah.

The Front's 12-point programme, issued at the end of August, calls for the restoration of all political freedoms, including the right of free trades union organisation, and the dissolution of SAVAK, the secret police, the official trade unions, as well as the prosecution of those guilty of killing demonstrators. Mossadeq himself was not explicitly socialist, but in recent months the National Front leader, Karim Sanjabi, has called for the establishment of a 'democratic, national and socialist' government after the restoration of constitutional liberties.

Closely allied to the Front in the past, but now outside it and opposed to the inclusion of the Socialists, is the Iran Liberation Movement headed by Medhi Bazargan. It is a more avowedly Islamic group, and is of all the political groups the one closest to Khomeini. It is, despite its present low profile, likely to play a prominent role in any future government.

Beyond this exists a plethora of other political and professional bodies that, like it, insist on basic political freedoms as the first imperative. A right-wing Pan-Iranist party, led by the millionaire deputy for Khorramshahr Mohsen Pezeshkpour, has recently split from the government Rastakhiz Party and other similar chauvinist groups have appeared, or reappeared. The maverick deputy for Tabriz, Ahmad Bani Ahmad, an avowed pacifist who admires Gandhi and Aneurin Bevan, has a strong personal following in his constituency.

THE RELATION of these groups to the mullahs is an uneasy one. There is bad blood between Khomeini and the National Front because he feels the Front did not support him in the protests he led in 1963. Bazargan, on the other hand, has a reputation for personal piety and is in much better standing with Khomeini. There are other Ayatollahs such as

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Telegani and Montazeri, recently released from prison, who have historically supported the Front. They do not share all of Khomeini's views and represent modernising Islamic ideas similar to Sharriati's. Moreover, some of the students and professionals, as well as the socialists, have dissented from Khomeini's views on women as well as his hostility to socialist ideas and whilst no-one at the moment will openly criticise Khomeini, disagreements are bound to emerge in the future.

Apart from the known legal groups, there are also significant underground political forces that have been able to emerge in the recent protest movement. The Tudeh (Masses) Party had 25,000 members in the 1940s but has been banned since 1949. It has been active in exile since 1953 but lost its main asset, a radio station in Bulgaria, when the Shah came to a commercial agreement with the Sofia government in 1976. Staunchly pro-Soviet it has been excoriated by much of the younger generation for its allegedly timid policies and will take time to build up any substantive following. It has distributed its paper *Navid* (Good News) in recent months.

Two guerrilla groups, the Fedayin of the People and the Mojahidin of the People, have been engaged in a low-level urban guerrilla campaign since 1971, and retain strong following amongst students. Their banners have appeared on recent protest marches. But their strictly military activities were virtually ended in 1976 by SAVAK, and the Mojahidin have since 1975 been rent by a division into an 'Islamic' and an avowedly anti-Islamic 'Marxist-Leninist' faction.

Some urban guerrilla actions have been reported in recent weeks and it is probable that if repression continues in Iran the two groups will be able to make significant recruitment from a new generation of disillusioned youths.

Apart from these underground groups, there is another category that has not been prominent in the recent protests but which must sooner or later emerge – the groups of the non-Persian nationalities. It is often forgotten that about half of Iran's 36 million population do not have Persian as their first language and these people – speaking Azerbaijani and other Turkish languages, Kurdish, Arabic, and Baluchi – have long been denied their elementary cultural and regional rights. Among the Kurds, Arabs and Baluchis there exist underground organisations professing adherence to Marxism and demanding autonomy for their people, and sooner or later this issue will become a prominent one in Iran, as it has in so many other countries including Iraq, Pakistan and the Soviet Union.

So far, the movement against the Shah has encompassed virtually the whole class spectrum in Iran. The working class in the broadest sense of the word, petty bourgeois traders and lower civil servants, as well as some middle class forces and virtually the whole of the intelligentsia – all have united in the campaign to remove the Shah and restore constitutional government in Iran. The mullahs have given voice to the popular discontent behind this movement and Khomeini has become the symbol of the anti-Shah movement, but it was the intellectuals – the writers, students and lawyers – who began the movement in 1977, and the causes and major demands of the opposition are straightforward secular political ones. The retrograde elements undoubtedly present in Khomeini's outlook are not characteristic of the movement as a whole, nor is his programme one that can simply be dismissed as 'reactionary' in the way that the Shah and his western supporters would have us do.

Fred Halliday's *Iran: Dictatorship and Development* was recently published by Penguin Books, price £1.50.

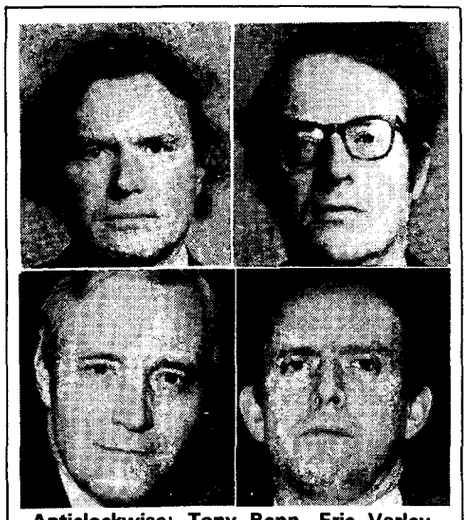
POLITICAL ECONOMY
Christopher Hird & Patrick Wintour

The Civil Service and the Kirkby co-op

Workers need not apply

The future of the workers' co-operative in Kirkby, Liverpool, will be decided in the next few weeks. The government are considering an application from the company for a further £6m. to save the factory and 520 jobs in an area in which one in five of the working population is out of work. The co-op – Kirkby Manufacturing and Engineering – has already got through almost £5½m. worth of taxpayers' money and is being portrayed by Tories and the press as a bottomless pit for government money. Most members of the government share this view. The Prime Minister, for example, is reputed to have said: 'How can you help those who won't help themselves?' However, the management consultants' report which supports the application for more money suggests that KME should receive the aid. Furthermore, our own investigations suggest that there are two main reasons for the failure of the co-op so far. First, major internal failings within the co-op itself have prevented important management decisions being taken and a proper democratic structure being established. Second, the civil service have behaved towards the co-op in a way which resembles a concerted attempt to sabotage it.

The bare bones of KME's history can be outlined briefly. It came into existence at the end of 1974 as one of the three worker co-ops set up by the then Industry Minister Tony Benn. The opposition to the idea was intense with Peter Carey, the second permanent secretary, making rare use of a civil servant's power to express his objections to the decision publicly. The co-op started with a £3.9m. grant from the government. During 1976 it received £680,000 worth of Temporary Employment Subsidy. In April 1977 there was a further £860,000 grant. During all this time KME was losing money: £1.5m. in the first 15 months; £1m. in the 12 months to March 1977; until recently, about £26,000 a week.



Anticlockwise: Tony Benn, Eric Varley, Bob Cryer, Alan Williams.

KME's applications for money have always been taken to the Cabinet and examined by a Cabinet committee yet very few requests for as little as £3.9m. from a conventional capitalist company receive such treatment. As well as this special scrutiny, KME was blighted financially from the start. The factory at Kirkby, built in the boom years of the Sixties, was designed for a workforce of 3,000. When the co-op took over the factory in 1974 there were less than 1,000 workers. None of the factory's five private sector owners had made trading prifits from the factory and the heavy overheads – rents, rates, heating etc – meant that a massive increase in business was needed to make the place profitable. The workers optimistically forecast a 60 per cent sales increase, to put them in profit within two years.

The task was even more daunting than that. The factory, in 1974, was involved in three of the trickiest markets imaginable and its business had suffered a severe knock whilst the financial problems of the previous owner were sorted out. In effect, the workers were faced with the task of selling almost £8 million worth of night storage radiators, central heating radiators and – incredibly – fruit juice within two years of starting up the business. It is doubtful if any company could hope to do that at a profit, given the gloomy state of the market for those products.

Certainly, this had been the case for the immediately previous owners – International Property Development. In July, 1974, they were in such serious financial difficulties that their bankers appointed a receiver to safeguard as much of the bank's investment as possible. Following a sit-in led by their two shop-stewards, Mr Jack Spriggs and Mr Dick Jenkins, the workers applied for a government grant to buy the plant and machinery from the receiver and set up the co-operative. Originally they reckoned that they would need £6.5 m.

However, Benn made it clear to Spriggs and Jenkins that it would be much easier to get some money if they applied for less than £5 million, as this would not need parliamentary approval. The same point was reinforced by the Department of Industry civil servants. Benn agreed to appoint as management consultants Inbucon to look at the prospects for the future of the Kirkby factory. Their report was depressing. They reckoned the factory could only make a profit if it empoyed 590 people, closed down the operation making fruit juices and introduced new products and more business. On the basis of this report and with the help of civil servants the workers applied for £3.9m. An application for £4.9m. would have met the political problem of getting parliamentary approval, but the Inbucon report and the advice of the civil servants encouraged only a £3.9m. application.

The civil servants knew this was not enough

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for the co-operative. The Industrial Development Unit of the Department of Industry, advising against giving the grant, told Benn:

It is probable that *cash requirements in Year I* have been understated by approximately £850,000.

At the time Spriggs did not appreciate the full significance of this underfunding. He did realise, however, that he was paying far too much for the plant and machinery and stocks bought from the Receiver. KME paid £1.3m. for the plant and machinery and a further £0·5m. for the stocks in of IPD. Most of the plant and machinery had cost IPD only £50,000. The receiver had several meetings with DoI civil servants and either through these, or in some other way, appears to have got wind of the fact that the workers following the Inbucon report were budgeting to pay him £1.8m; so he stuck out for this amount.

The co-op was lumbered with another legacy of the past. As part of its asset-stripping operation IPD had ensured that the factory in Kirkby was owned by a company other than its industrial subsidiary, so that when the industrial side hit trouble, the parent company still owned the factory. As a result, the co-op has had to pay over £200,000 of rent a year – a rather generous 45p a square foot. So generous, in fact, that IDP Industrial was substantially in arrears when the receiver moved in and the IPD parent company insisted that KME pay a £100,000 deposit and that Spriggs and Jenkins personally guarantee the rent. Encouraged by a Department of Industry official Mr Lippett, Spriggs and Jenkins agreed to both these conditions. Industry Minister Alan Williams now says that the department did not know about this until three weeks afterwards.

The co-op was badly advised, but surely the Industry Minister at the time, Tony Benn, could have done something? It is now obvious that he barely grasped the point about the co-op's underfunding and did not realise they were paying over £1m. for plant and machinery which the previous owners had bought for around £50,000. He was, however, fighting a series of lone battles at that time. His civil servants were devoting a quite disproportionate amount of energy to KME and were advising him against it. He had to fight the issue through the Cabinet and its Industrial policy committee, chaired by Wilson with a high powered representation from Healey, Foot (then at Employment), Shore (Trade) and the ubiquitous Harold Lever. All were well briefed by their civil servants, who knew exactly what advice Benn was getting. In all, KME went to five meetings of the cabinet committee and, furthermore, so did three other issues, Alfred Herbert, Meriden and the Scottish Daily News, on which Benn also found himself set against his civil servants and many of his cabinet colleagues. In the case of KME Benn was obliged by the Cabinet to say that the grant was 'once and for all': this had never been done in the case of a similar grant to a private sector company.

Benn, in his anxiety to get the co-op started in the face of such opposition, understandably ignored much of the crucial detail. Notably, no provision was made to give the workers at Kirkby any commercial advice on how to run their company. The omission was not rectified by the Department at any time during the next four years.

Altogether little thought had been given to the way the co-op was to be run. The idea of a co-op was really Benn's and not the workers'. In September 1974 Benn may have told the workers on a visit to the factory: 'You have earned the right to find a new structure for the factory', but it had taken the summer to persuade a doubtful Jack Spriggs that he wanted such a new structure. Spriggs was suspicious that the co-op idea was a trick by the Department of Industry to avoid baling out IPD. KME workers erected only a makeshift democratic structure in the factory. The constitution was frequently altered and always written in general terms. Many people in the Kirkby area – including new employees – do not know that the factory is a co-op. There is no sign of the fact that the workers owned the factory in the KME brochure, on the noticeboards inside the factory or on the sign at the factory gate.

Jack Spriggs speaks to the KME work force; Alan Williams on his left. Universal Pictorial

Real power rested with KME's only two directors, Dick Jenkins the TGWU convenor (senior shop steward) and Jack Spriggs the AUEW convenor. These two men dominated the general manager and his colleagues through their directorships and their control of the 25 strong joint shop stewards committee.

If any problems cropped up in the factory, the typical response was to call in 'Big Jack' to sort it out. With the managers dependent on the two convenor-directors for their authority, all the major commercial decisions needed the sanction of Spriggs and Jenkins, who as two of Liverpool's more militant shop stewards had spent their previous years resisting managerial decisions. Spriggs promised the IDU that if the drinks operation was not making a profit within six months it would be closed down; he failed to keep his word. Spriggs explains now: 'You cannot very well fight for the right to work, gain control of the company and then sack 200 people, it's just not done'.

Unfortunately Spriggs relied on his own undoubted popularity to run the company himself and in attempt to please everyone, avoided taking tough commercial decisions. It is possible that if he had established more democratic participatory structures, these decisions would have had more legitimacy.

There is evidence that Spriggs's style of control caused some unhappiness in the factory (and he now admits it was a mistake to have convenor-directors). The managers were unable to manage without the shop stewards consent. They were short of a commercial manager, because Spriggs would not pay the level of salary necessary to attract a person of the right calibre. Many of the shop stewards resigned under the pressure of having to defend their union members at the same time as helping out Spriggs on getting job flexibility and productivity. The foreman had no authority while the rank and file often complained of a lack of information. Spriggs says he was cautious about handing out company information for fear of adverse media publicity.

Two graduates from Manchester Business School were allowed to conduct a survey amongst the workforce during 1977. They were particularly interested in the power structures in the factory and after conducting interviews with 180 members of the workforce found 'that little change is seen in the way the factory is run and many see a reversion to traditional management and union attitudes . . . there is a lack of meetings of all sorts, and a general lack of discussion'. The graduates produced a leaflet summarising their findings and listing their recommendations including retraining for stewards and foremen, better distribution of financial information and shopfloor autonomy to set targets, monitor performance and agree methods of working. Spriggs, however, refused to have the leaflet distributed and refused to believe the findings.

An elected workers' advisory council that was orginally designed as a participatory centre collapsed within months. Important decisions were not taken – such as following up an offer from the local council, worth £60,000 a year, for a rate rebate on unoccupied factory space. Though there was flexibility in working practice and fewer wage demands, no attempt was made to abandon the 35 hour week which KME inherited from the previous owner. Nor did the co-op leaders devise an incentive scheme for the welders who made the radiators: as a result, they were left with easy production targets whith they achieved hours before the end of their shift; they then sat around until the end of the shift so they could start work again in overtime.

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Spriggs considered an incentive scheme restricted to the welders to be inegalitarian.

These problems would not, perhaps, have mattered if the trading background had been favourable. It was not. 1975 was an appalling year for central heating radiators – KME's main line of business – with industry-wide sales dropping by 15 per cent. Spriggs hoped that an increase in sales would appear from somewhere, providing work for those in the unprofitable parts of KME's business. This was unlikely: the company did not have a marketing manager and had only a tiny design team.

KME struggled on as the government lifted its restriction on the company's borrowing powers in February 1976; as the company received Temporary Employment Subsidy during 1976 and, to win support from its Northern MPs during the Devolution debate, as the government gave a further grant of £850,000 in April 1977. But by the end of 1977 the company was no nearer making a profit. Spriggs realized that no proposal for more aid would be believed as the co-op had not kept many of its promises made in 1974 and reaffirmed since.

So in the winter of 1977/78 KME decided to employ PA Management Consultants to make an independent assessment of their position. Their report was the first glimmer of hope for a long time.

PA REPORTED IN MARCH last year. They argued the company could be made profitable. The key to this was the strong demand for central heating radiators; which has recovered strongly since 1975 on the back of increased turnover in the private housing market and increased home improvement. PA found that KME now had almost 10 per cent of the radiator market, were significantly cheaper than the competition, had a good reputation with those who had used their radiators and were thus well placed to increase their market share, given the shortage of manufacturing capacity in the UK. PA also recommended the closure of the fruit juice and night storage heater businesses and the appointment of some senior management.

The PA report formed the basis for KME's application for a £2.9m. grant, which was turned down. The decision was an affront to the consultancy skills of PA, but the civil servants were determined to destroy the co-op and PA's arguments. A special meeting was convened with the three authors of the PA report, four civil servants, Alan Williams and Bob Cryer, junior ministers at the Department of Industry, and Harold Walker, a junior minister at the Department of Employment. After two hours of argument, PA had effectively demolished the civil servants' case, a task made easier by the civil servants having come to the meeting misunderstanding PA's argument. PA reckoned that KME could get 20 per cent of the *increase* in the radiator market; the civil servants thought they meant that KME could get 20 per cent of the *whole* radiator market. The civil servants nevertheless doggedly held to their belief that KME could not be allowed to go on, or must be taken over by private enterprise. Exasperated, PA asked the civil servants what could convince them of the viability of KME. They replied that it was a matter of judgement. Yet the DoI civil service have accepted enthusiastically PA's judgement in their separate report for the DoI on Merseyside.

Walker and Cryer were in favour of giving KME the £2.9m., acutely pointing out that PA were prepared to stake their reputation on KME breaking even by agreeing to go in and manage KME themselves.

The civil servants said, grotesquely, that if anything went wrong PA would 'lie their way out of it'. After this meeting the issue was fully taken out of Cryer's hands – who was meant to be in charge of small businesses and co-operatives – and given to Alan Williams. Cabinet Committee E1 – chaired by Eric Varley, who has been against giving money to the co-op for some time – ensured that the Cabinet decided against more money. Justifying the decision later in the House of Commons, Williams said:

> Even if KME succeeded on the £2.9m, it would make only a minute surplus, if any surplus at all . . . Even if that surplus were earned it would not be adequate to provide for future capital equipment and product development.

This statement shows just how far away the government is from any idea of a socialist system of accounting. Throughout the history of the co-op the government and its advisers have judged KME's prospects by applying a normal capitalist criteria of profits. There has been no systematic attempt to establish what sort of trading loss might be acceptable, given the cost of making more unemployed in an area of high unemployment, the danger of a sharp increase in imports following the closure of the factory and the loss to the local council of rate income if the factory was closed.

It would almost certainly cost the government less money to finance KME's capital spending and product development than to allow the factory to close, but at the moment that is not how the government does its sums.

ONCE THE APPLICATION for £2.9m. had been rejected, the way was open for the civil service to look round for a private company to take over KME. In 1976 senior civil servants had urged GEC to take over KME – in the process releasing confidential information, without even consulting the KME directors. This time round they found another central heating company – Stelrad, a subsidiary of Metal Box. Stelrad wanted the workforce cut to 200, their name kept secret and the removal of Spriggs and Jenkins. KME refused such terms.

Remarkably, KME staggered on. Stocks were run down, bills unpaid, or paid late and money collected from customers quickly. But losses were still substantial – workers from the drinks and night storage heaters had not been sacked, even though their sections had finally been closed down. Spriggs says the company just did not have the cash to make the redundancy payments and did not want to commit itself to getting rid of them until the future of the factory was clear. He gives a similar reason for his failure to negotiate a new wages system with the welders.

In October, to avert an unpleasant debate at the Labour Party conference, the government agreed to set up an independent working party to look at the future of KME. Knowing the company had lost all credibility with DoI but recognising that the factory could be profitable, the working party suggested that the government provide Worcester Engineering, a small and relatively inexperienced company, with over £4m. to take over the factory – employing 460 of the then 730 workers. This proposal, which involved Worcester in finding a further £4m. of its own, was approved by the DoI's special think tank IDAB. Only a few months earlier, they had thought £2.9m. too much to be given to the workers.

Worcester's scheme collapsed in the face of opposition from the co-op – who discovered that IDAB had altered the working party's findings by demanding Stelrad get a 20 per-cent stake in Worcester – and in disagreements over who should benefit from the large tax losses in KME. The National Enterprise Board – which is supposed to promote regional development and industrial democracy – refused to get involved, claiming to lack management facilities. The NEB has only managed to find one investment in the Mersey development area (its North-West Regional director, Arthur Ward, does not like the leaders of the co-op). It was the government's refusal to do anything about the NEB's refusal which led to Bob Cryer's resignation.

Now the workers are asking for just over £6m.: but in several ways their application is quite different from previous ones. It is backed by a revised report from PA, which predicts a profit in the year ending March 1980, given output of 12,000 radiators weekly. (Early last year 13,000 a week were produced: given a new payment system for welders, 12,000 seems a credible target.) The forecast also assumes a labour force reduced to 513 people, employed exclusively in radiators and contract press-work.

The application contains the usual promise to employ some senior management, but with the suggestion that PA themselves take on the job. But, this time the application proposes that the money be provided in tranches, in return for keeping to the agreed plan: some of the money might not be needed for several years, when a capital spending programme is launched. Most of the money will be loans, not grants.

The outlook for KME's main product is better than it has ever been; the work force is half the size it was when the co-op made its first application in 1974 and major changes are proposed in the structure of the company to overcome the management impasse of the past. The major task of the government is to devise an appropriate system of monitoring, to ensure that KME keeps to an agreed plan. DoI civil servants, never short of a problem for every solution, say they are not equipped to do the job since KME need the money in one immediate lump.

But it should not be beyond the wit of government ministers to devise such a monitoring system; all they need is the political will, after all, the main creditors are government agencies.

Kirkby are not producing stage-coaches – they are making something for which there is substantial demand. If the factory closes, its place in the market will almost certainly be filled by imports; other radiator manufacturers' capacity does not come on stream until much later this year. The odds are that it would cost the government and the economy more to sack the workers than to keep them in work. It is hard to believe that the reputation of the Labour government would be damaged if it agreed to provide money, in a fully accountable way, to a workers' enterprise which can make itself self supporting and which has been carrying the burden of learning about workers' co-operatives for all industry.

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EDUCATION
Rick Rogers

Large buildings, suit. meditation etc

Teachers' college for sale

The news that the Open University hopes to set up a full-time residential college raises some delicate questions about the OU's future direction. It also raises some about what is happening to surplus teacher training colleges.

For the Open University intends to establish its residential college in the buildings of the Milton Keynes College of Education, which is scheduled to close in 1980.

The declining birthrate and consequent fall in primary and secondary school rolls is currently closing teacher training colleges proportionately faster than it is closing schools. In 1972, there were 163 colleges of education in England and Wales; by 1981 there will be half that number.

College closures and amalgamations plus reductions of intake were well advanced even before the final round of cuts was announced in June 1977. That added a further 14 major colleges and seven college annexes which would end initial teacher training by 1981.

The aims the government has claimed for its policy on teacher training for the empty eighties are to produce a scheme 'conducive to higher standards of teacher education and professional training'; with a good geographical spread of training centres, of a minimum size of 600 students for each institution; and 'firmly integrated into higher education'.

The minimum size has not after all been held to; the geographical spread has, but with some painful consequences for colleges with special experience; mergers with polytechnics or into colleges of higher education are apparently satisfying the desire for integration into higher education. The improved standards have yet to work through. The whole sorry tale of how the colleges of education were reorganised (otherwise known as decimated) has just been published in David Hencke's book *Colleges in crisis*, which is reviewed in this issue by Alan Brownjohn.

Needless to say, no guidelines have ever been issued to cover the future use of buildings and other resources vacated by teacher training. Instead the Department of Education and Science merely gives out information on what has already happened to those colleges which have closed their doors on initial teacher training. For example, of 20 colleges which closed in 1977 or 1978, four were to be sold off for uses outside the educational sphere. Sixteen colleges and annexes were to be developed 'for educational purposes'.

But those educational purposes are very different. Four colleges (Camborne, Kesteven, Preston, and Sittingbourne) will provide in-service training programmes; three (Alnwick, Philippa Fawcett and Furzedown in London, and West Wickham) are being used to increase the resources of local comprehensive schools. Mary Ward in Nottingham has been taken over by the Institute of Geological Studies, Saffron Walden by an English language school for foreign students, and Hereford by the Royal National College for the Blind. Grantham is to be for staff training and conferences for the National Union of Teachers; Culham at Abingdon becomes a European school for the Joint European Taurus project; Sarum St Michael changes to a nurses' hostel. The rest – Endsleigh, Newland Park, Radleigh and Wentworth Castle – will cater for further and adult education projects, such as residential centres or absorption into technical colleges.

Only 11 of those colleges then are to be used for purposes which could be regarded as of mainstream educational relevance to the community – in the way that teacher training is. The others have undergone a substantial change of use.

Decisions on future use of defunct teacher training colleges are usually made by each local authority's further or higher education committee, its policy and resources committee, or a specially formed working party. What is actually agreed to must, of course, depend to a large extent on the location of the buildings (no good having a new community centre where few people live and where there is only a two hourly bus service); on what the premises comprise and how much they limit the options (money from the sale of the buildings may be more useful than the buildings themselves); and on the availability of funds for an alternative function. It can also depend on the political and social complexion of the local authority's decision-making or decision-recommending committee.

Unlike threatened hospitals and, increasingly, schools, where local communities often battle long and hard to keep them open, colleges of education can, on the whole, quietly draw the bolts across – and reopen later 'under new management'.

There are fewer safeguards in education than there are, say, in the health service for ensuring that an institution's change of use remains within the orbit of a local community's list of priority needs. Any hospital or clinic up for closure or a major change of use is subject to a lengthy, and public, process of consultation – with the consumer having a valuable voice through the local community health council. No such safeguard exists for educational premises. A community has to rely on the vigilance and incorruptibility of its councillors – always a hit-and-miss business.

Without such safeguards, resources are lost, often for good, from the public sector of education – as witness, for example, all those village schools which are now private houses.

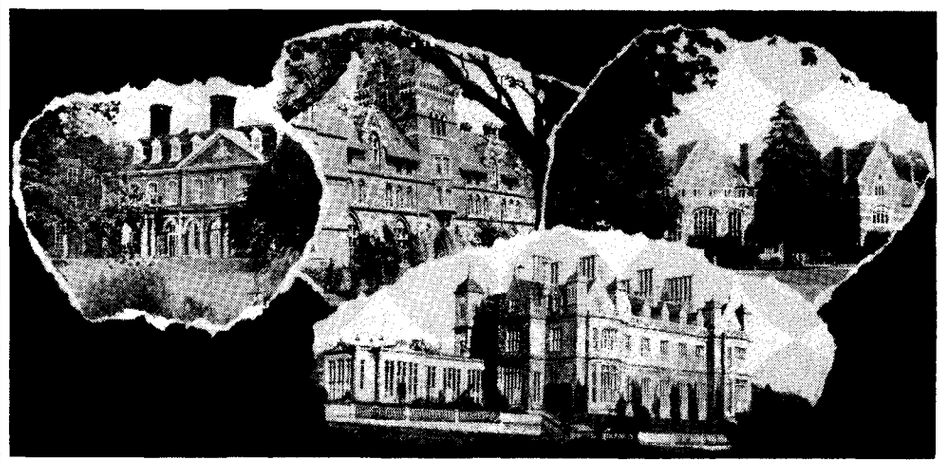
A more frustrating situation was produced at St Peter's college in Saltley, an area of Birmingham crying out for more facilities for local community use. The DES ceased funding St Peter's as a teacher training college last July. No alternative use was agreed on, primarily because adequate finance was not forthcoming. No outside buyer could be interested in the premises, so St Peter's was 'mothballed'. In other words, the doors and windows were boarded up and the security guards were sent in.

Those 20 colleges mentioned earlier do tend to reflect the general pattern of decision-making on the new use of teacher training premises. And there are certainly more decisions to come. Many of the colleges due to end their initial training function in 1980 or 1981 have yet to be earmarked for new tasks.

Where a college has other continuing interests, such as in-service training, the vacant space is most likely to be absorbed by those activities. But Milton Keynes, with its recently built premises, looks due for a radical alteration; Putteridge Bury in Luton will be a sixth-form college for a time, although its longer term future is still undecided; while Nonington college in Kent will mostly be retained for in-service teacher courses. Others though – like Castleford, Gloucestershire, and Thomas Huxley in Ealing – are still in the melting pot.

However, what happened in South East London recently does not augur well for future community needs. Stockwell college, due for closure in 1980, has already been put up for sale by the Bromley council – 'just to test the market'. Subsequently withdrawn, the council's policy resources committee considered other options and came up with the idea of using the premises for the council – as administrative offices, committee rooms and for members' facilities. Meanwhile, a 500-strong local public meeting pressed for the college to be turned into a multi-purpose educational and recreational unit for the local community to use. At last November's full council meeting, the councillors voted themselves and their staff a new set of buildings.

With so much educational plant coming up for grabs, let's hope some of it at least goes to those groups who are less well placed to grab.



From left to right: Stockwell, Hereford, Kesteven and Sittingbourne Colleges.

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Thinking again about profits

The last few years have been ones of profound change in many Western Marxist parties. Apparently theological debates about 'dictatorship of the proletariat' – although greeted with various mixtures of scepticism and incomprehension – have played a highly practical role in drawing the Spanish, Italian and French Communist Parties further into the orthodox electoral system, and in re-drawing the political map of Europe.

There are changes now in preparation whose effects may be still more profound. The arguments most reported so far have dealt with the Marxist parties' ideas about political action: but the underlying philosophical and economic ideas which set Marxism off from other dialects of socialism are also in dispute. Specifically, the 'labour theory of value', which traditionally provides the basis for Marxist views on profit and exploitation, has come under devastating, internal attack. What is significant about this development – centred largely in England and Italy, over the last two or three years – is that the 'traditionalists' have not seemed able to mount any convincing counter-attack. Practical politicians often like to think that theoretical economic argument does not affect them: but the truth is that an economic theory (such as 'monetarism') may in a short time change the whole climate which defines their actions. The simplest consequence of a 'new Marxism' could be re-alignments in economics – in that the 'labour theory' of profit and exploitation has long seemed like a superstition, shutting-off the Marxists as a formidable, but self-absorbed tribe. More complex consequences – such as a quite new synthesis of Left-wing political economy – may be approaching possibility. Of course, to many traditionalists, nothing could compensate for Marxism's loss of the theoretical peculiarities which, arguably at least, have been the source of its energies. Here IAN STEEDMAN, professor of economics at Manchester sets out the case for re-shaping Marx's views.

EVER SINCE Marxist political economy began, during the latter 19th-century, its rise to influence, it has been subject to intellectual counter-attack. Probably the most influential criticisms have been those based on the work of the Austrian economist E. Von Böhm-Bawerk, beginning in the 1880s. In Britain P. H. Wicksteed was particularly important because he converted Bernard Shaw to a non-Marxist approach (based on the work of Jevons), thus exerting a powerful influence on the development of Fabian thought.

The criticisms of Böhm-Bawerk, Wicksteed and their present-day followers are based upon economic ideas fundamentally different from those of Marx, and the 'classical' economists upon whose work Marx drew (Adam Smith, Ricardo and the French Physiocrats). The classical economists conceived the economic process as involving the creation of a *surplus* product – over and above the needs of input, replacement and workers' consumption – which was divided-up as profit, interest and rent. Labour, acting upon the gifts of nature, was the one active principle involved in the creation of value.

Böhm-Bawerk and Wicksteed, by contrast, viewed production as the result of mutual co-operation between several 'factors': land, labour, capital and enterprise. They allowed no asymmetry as between labour and the other factors. Criticism of Marx's analysis thus became strongly associated with rejection of the 'labour theory of value'. The labour theory was thus used as the Achilles heel through which to attack Marxism.

But there were, from a quite early stage, writers who sought to criticise surplus arguments without seeking at the same time completely to overturn the classical view of the economic process. A Russian economist named V. K. Dmitriev showed in 1898 in effect that Marx's analysis of profits and prices was flawed – and how it might be corrected without abandonment of that general approach. He was followed in 1906-7 by a Polish statistician and economist, L. von Bortkiewicz. But both contributions were ignored for many years, although Paul Sweezy made a valiant attempt to gain some recognition for von Bortkiewicz in his *Theory of Capitalist Development* (1942).

In 1960 Piero Sraffa published *Production of Commodities by Means of Commodities*, a slender volume 'addressed to those interested in pure economic theory': its purpose was to lay the foundation for a logical critique of all those theories which presupposed an independent 'factor of production' called 'capital' or which used Böhm-Bawerk's notion of the average length of the production-period. Sraffa showed that neither the 'value' of a stock of capital nor the period of production had any meaning independent of the particular distribution of net output as between wages and profits. Thus 'capital' is not an independent factor like labour or land. It was soon realised that Sraffa's work was not only successful in its explicit theoretical purpose, but that it provided a basis for demonstrating that analysis of wages, profits and prices, *within* a surplus approach, could be independent of any 'labour theory of value' – indeed, that any such theory is a barrier to development of a surplus-based system. Consequently, the frequent identification of opposition to the labour theory with opposition to a 'surplus appropriation' theory of the economic process – an identification growing out of the work of Böhm-Bawerk and Wicksteed – can be shown to be mistaken.

AMONG NON-ECONOMISTS it is often assumed that a 'labour theory of value' amounts to the proposition that 'under normal capitalist conditions, the relative prices of commodities will tend to equal the relative quantities of labour time required for the production of those commodities'. It must therefore be said at once that no serious economist has ever entertained such a theory. Neither Adam Smith, nor Ricardo nor Marx asserted that under developed capitalist conditions commodities would tend to exchange in proportion to their labour contents: indeed, each of them expressly denied it. In particular, Marx went out of his way, in Volume III (Part II) of *Capital*, to explain just *why* commodities would not exchange in such proportions.

It so happens that his explanation was faulty, but what is significant at this point is that he tried to provide it.

If a labour theory of value is not to be dismissed out of hand, it must amount to a proposition such as that 'the rate of profit and normal prices, under capitalist conditions, *can be explained in terms of labour quantities*'. This was what Marx advanced. How did his argument go astray?

In *Capital* III, Part II Marx asserted that if wages were to be paid out in advance by capitalists, along with non-wage capital, then the rate of profit (which we may call 'r'), would be determined by a simple, now celebrated, formula:

$$r = \left(\frac{S}{C + V}\right)$$

In this S, C and V represent the aggregate amounts of labour needed – directly or indirectly – to produce particular aggregates (or 'baskets') of commodities, respectively:

those appropriated by the capitalist (S);
those required to replace used-up means of production (C);
those going to provide the workers' wages (V).

In other words, the *rate* of profit is simply the labour embodied in the commodities going to capitalists as profit, divided by the labour embodied in all the capital goods (including wages).

'Indirectness' of labour raises no difficulty: the labour going into a car is not just that of car-workers, but also the labour of those producing the steel, rubber, glass, etc used in it. But Marx goes on, while using the same formula – in his well-known tables 'solving' the transformation problem – to argue that

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Owen, Robert Tressell's principal character in *The Ragged-Trousered Philanthropists*, gives his workmates a classic popular version of the Labour Theory of Value:

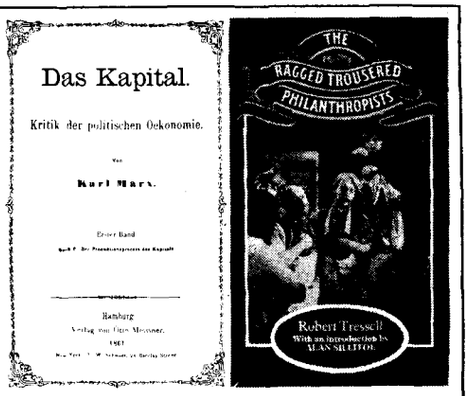
'Owen proceeded to cut up one of the slices of bread into a number of little square blocks.

'These represent the things which are produced by labour . . . We will suppose that three of these blocks represent – a week's work. We will suppose that a week's work is worth – one pound: and that each of these ha'pennies is a sovereign . . .'

The Working Classes (Philpot, Harlow and Easton) accordingly set to work, and the Capitalist class (Owen) sat down and watched them. As soon as they had finished they passed the nine little blocks to Owen, who placed them on a piece of paper and paid the workers their wages.

'These blocks represent the necessaries of life. You can't live without some of these things, but as they belong to me, you will have to buy them from me: my price for these blocks is – one pound each.'

. . . They each bought back, and at once consumed, one-third of the produce of their labour. The capitalist class also devoured two of the square blocks, and so the net result of the week's work was that the kind capitalist had consumed two pounds' worth of the things produced by the labour of the others, and reckoning the squares at their market value of one pound each, he had more than doubled his capital, for he still possessed the three pounds in money and in addition four pounds worth of goods. As for the working classes . . . they were in precisely the same position as when they started work – they had nothing.'



Setting out to write a novel defining 'the Socialist theory of poverty' in the early 1900s, Robert Tressell – not surprisingly – reached an audience immensely larger than Marx himself could reach.

commodity *prices* will not, except by a fluke, be proportional to the quantities of labour needed in their production.

And if prices are not proportional to labour content, then the ratio

$$\left(\frac{S}{C+V}\right),$$

in which both the surplus product and the total capital outlay are 'valued' in terms of labour-content, will not be the same thing (except by fluke) as the ratio of surplus product to capital outlay where both are 'valued' in terms of prices. But this latter, price-based ratio is precisely what is *meant* by the rate of profit. Thus, contrary to Marx's assertion,

$$\left(\frac{S}{C+V}\right)$$

is not the rate of profit. His argument is internally inconsistent.

Formally, Marx's error lay in trying to determine *first* the rate of profit and *then* the normal prices of commodities (or 'prices of production', as he called them). The fact is that the profit rate and the prices of production have to be treated simultaneously within the theory.

SUPPOSE WE TAKE as given – for analysis only, of course, not in any more fundamental sense – the physical quantities of outputs and inputs, including labour time, required in each industry and in the bundle of commodities constituting real (as against money) wages. Starting from these physical data, in the spirit of the surplus approach, we may show three things (I have set out the argument in my book, *Marx After Sraffa**, though many other writers have done so as well). *First*, those data suffice to determine proximately – in the sense of 'immediately' – the rate of profit and the prices of production. *Second,* the rate of profit does not, in fact, depend on all those data, but only on real wages and on the direct and indirect conditions of production of the goods that go into real wages. The production conditions of commodities which neither enter the real-wage 'basket' directly, nor are used in producing commodities which do so, have zero impact on the rate of profit. *Third*, no quantities of 'embodied labour' are required in dealing with capital, and all such quantities become redundant.

This third point is particularly helpful when we examine the choices which capitalists make, under competitive pressure, between alternative production methods, or when we analyse fixed capital equipment, or the phenomenon – of great importance in oil refining, the chemical industry and so on – of productive processes yielding several different products simultaneously. In these situations, 'embodied-labour' values tend to become ill-defined, or endowed with peculiar properties, such as being negative.[1]

Once it can be established that a surplus approach to profits and prices can be credibly opposed to a 'factors of production' approach, provided it is based in physical quantities and not on labour-value theories, it is natural to ask whether it can make any contribution to answering questions which have traditionally exercised Marxist analysts. Four issues are worth examining: heterogeneity of labour; the 'labour process'; the 'falling tendency of the rate of profit' (which has again caused excitement recently) and finally 'exploitation'.

Marxist theory has always been plagued by such questions as: 'How are different types of labour, such as skilled and unskilled, to be treated? Can they be 'reduced' to one another and added together?' The physical-quantities version of surplus-analysis simply makes such questions redundant. Each type of labour-time can be treated as such – there being no need for any kind of 'reduction' – without causing any significantly greater difficulty in the theory of the rate of profit and production-prices. Again, whilst the physical-quantities approach does not capture all – far from it – of what Marxist economists refer to when they discuss the labour process, it does appear to provide a clear framework which can be used to discipline such discussion, and express some of its results.

The physical approach cannot, of course, contribute a great deal to the Marxist discussion of the 'tendency of the rate of profit to fall', since it has been recognised for some time that Marx's own analysis was really quite inconclusive. He picked out, quite reasonably, one factor tending to pull the profit rate down and, following John Stuart Mill, a number of factors tending to push it up. But he gave no non-arbitrary reason for calling the former *the tendency* and the latter merely the *counteracting influences*: the labels could just as reasonably, or un-reasonably, have been reversed. If this unproductive debate is to be continued, however, it should at least be recognised that

$$\left(\frac{S}{C+V}\right)$$

is not the rate of profit, and that the rate depends on only some of the conditions of production.

Marxist discussion has always laid great stress on 'exploitation': the term being given, not its everyday, multi-dimensional meaning (which brings in physical conditions, harshness of labour discipline and so on), but rather a narrow and technical one. This latter meaning refers to the fact that workers perform more labour than would be needed merely to produce their real wages and replace the means of production consumed in doing so. The difference, or 'surplus labour', produces the commodities which go to the capitalists, net of another amount required to replace exhausted means of production.

Now, the physical-quantities version does not deny the existence of such 'surplus labour': indeed, it seems to provide a basis for clear thinking about the amounts involved. But it does make very plain the fact that the existence of exploitation (narrowly defined) and the existence of profit are no more than two sides of the same coin: they are merely 'labour' and 'monetary' expressions of the fact that there is a physical surplus.

Marxist writers only too often have suggested that by relating profit to exploitation (narrowly defined) they have 'explained' the existence of profit. They have not. They have simply noticed both ways of calibrating the surplus.

To explain the existence of profit is just the same thing as to explain (narrow) exploitation. The test is thus to explain why real wages and conditions of production bear – and persist in bearing – such a relation to each other that surplus product, profit and 'exploitation' in this sense continue to exist. Many theories unattractive to Marxists and socialists have of course been put forward to explain that persistent relationship: arguments about 'capital scarcity', 'time preference', 'rewards of waiting' and so on. If Marxists are to present a superior theory, they must begin by ceasing to imagine that (narrow) exploitation explains profits.

IT MAY BE ASKED: how can one be satisfied with a theory that takes so much as given

*New Left Books, 1977

[1]Such oddities as negative quantities of embodied labour can certainly be avoided by adopting new linear programming definitions. The argument is highly technical: what matters here is that the newly defined quantities still play no role in explaining the rate of profit and prices of production.

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– alternative possible production methods, and real wages? The answer is, quite simply, that one cannot and should not be. The physical surplus analysis of the rate of profit and prices of production is meant to be no more than one – important – part of an adequate theory of the workings of capitalist economies. That it is not sufficient does not prevent it being important.

A second doubt, often expressed by Marxists, may be expressed roughly as follows: 'In referring repeatedly to the quantities of labour which go into products, and never to "values", you betray unwittingly the fact that it is the irrelevance of Ricardo's, not Marx's, labour theory of value which you demonstrate. Marx meant far more by the term "value" than just the labour required, directly and indirectly, to produce a commodity. Thus his theory is unscathed by your criticisms.'

A full reply to this kind of objection would require an essay in itself, but two points must be noted. First, it is certainly true that in Marx's writings the term 'value' often conveys something more than the quantity of labour which has gone into an article. Second, it is just as certainly true that Marx often uses the terms with just this simple meaning. If, with the intention of 'saving' Marx's theory of value, Marxists divorce it from connection with amounts of labour put into products, then they will find great difficulty both in interpreting many of Marx's perfectly sensible statements and retaining any significant meaning in Marx's theory of value. Defenders of Marx's value theory have yet to show that there exists a middle way between exposing it to criticism of the sort set out above and, on the other hand draining it of all genuine content.

Another question, sometimes related to the immediately-preceding one, asks whether the physical surplus analysis can contribute to our understanding of the complexities of money, fluctuations in effective demand, analysis of long-term change and so on. One must not expect one element of an analysis to deal with everything! But at the same time one should not decide too quickly that the analysis of the rate of profit and its proximate determinants is irrelevant to understanding of major long-term changes in the capitalist economy – such as the effect of introducing micro-processors and other major technical advances. Patient analysis of the likely effect of such advances on wages, profits and relative prices cannot, if one is serious, be waved aside.

Finally, it may be asked whether such 'abstract' theory is of relevance to political thought. 'What has it to offer to policy-makers?'

But the question is ill-posed. All coherent policy-making appeals, whether explicitly or implicitly, to one or another abstract theory. That abstract theories do not always have immediately transparent policy implications does not make them irrelevant, even if their 'only' contribution is to undermine those theories on which policy currently relies.

The fact that the surplus approach of the classical economists and of Marx can be freed from dependence on any 'labour theory of value' naturally has no immediate and narrowly party-political significance. But it does have wider implications for all those to the left of the political centre. On the one hand, it means that rhetoric appealing to the labour theory of value can no longer be excused – if it ever could – by suggesting that the only alternative involves necessary acceptance of the idea of capital's (marginal) contribution to the productive process. On the other hand, the clear separation of the surplus-appropriation theory from labour-value theory ought to encourage all those who are attracted by the former but intellectually sceptical of the latter. They should cast the albatross aside, and set about developing a coherent theory of capitalist development, drawing on – among other sources – the surplus analysis of production and distribution, and the theory of effective demand.

David Ricardo and Adam Smith

PUBLIC HEALTH
Malcolm Wicks

Catching their deaths

As the Health Education Council poster warns: 'Cold kills the Old'. Concern about hypothermia is resurrected by this week's arctic spell. But it is too late to help those whose lives are now at risk. Six years ago, the first (and only) national investigation into hypothermia showed just how serious the problem was. While a relatively small number of elderly people were found to be suffering from the condition (a deep body temperature below 95°F), as many as ten per cent had temperatures just above that level and were therefore at risk of developing hypothermia. Much larger numbers of the old were found to be living in appallingly cold homes: 55 per cent of morning living-room temperatures were at or below 60.8°F, the minimum laid down in the Offices, Shops and Railway Premises Act 1963. Minimum bedroom temperatures were even colder: 33 per cent were below 50°F. The winter of 1972, when the research was carried out, was a milder one than usual. And since then heating costs have rocketed.

How has the government responded to this newly recognised hazard? The Department of Health and Social Security refused to pay for the national study (which was supported by the Nuffield Foundation) and has since shown no interest in the results. It has even abandoned earlier attempts to tackle hypothermia. In 1972, the DHSS issued a leaflet, *Keeping Warm in Winter*, which advised: 'To keep old people warm in winter the living room temperature should be about 70°F.' When the results of the national study were published, they revealed that at least 90 per cent of Britain's elderly had morning living-room temperatures below this recommended level. Was there an urgent appraisal and a programme drawn up to make steady improvements? Nothing of the kind. Hoping no one would notice, the Department cynically and quietly withdrew its recommendation: 'The DHSS no longer recommends 70°F nor any other temperature'.

Not all response has been so negative. The DHSS and Supplementary Benefits Commission have produce a leaflet, *Help with Heating Costs*, and over a million people on supplementary benefit are paid extra money for heating, compared with 194,000 in 1971. The Department of Energy has introduced an electricity discount scheme designed to help several million people pay their winter bills. The Department of the Environment has a home insulation campaign with grants of up to £50.

These measures have obviously helped some people, but they have been piecemeal, haphazard and badly planned, showing all the signs of Whitehall reacting late to an event which it is poorly equipped to tackle. Hundreds of thousands of supplementary pensioners still don't claim heating additions and large numbers don't even claim the supplementary pensions to which they are entitled. (A crash advertising campaign would bring help immediately – if the government were prepared to spend, say, one tenth of the cost of advertising alcohol on it.) The electricity discount scheme gives no help to those whose homes are heated by other fuels.

The Department of the Environment's insulation campaign gives no effective priority to the elderly – a breath-taking omission. Younger and fitter householders are far more likely to hear about, claim and benefit from the £50 grants. We need a drive to ensure that the elderly and others at risk have first claim on the grants. And we need an imaginative programme which would, at local level, identify those most at risk from the cold and provide adequate help ranging from straightforward draught proofing to more sophisticated work. Such a campaign could provide work for unemployed construction workers and school leavers who would otherwise be drawing benefit.

In 1975 the Central Policy Review Staff called for 'improved co-ordination between services as they affect the individual' and 'better analysis of, and policy prescriptions for, complex problems – especially when they are the concern of more than one department'. The threat of hypothermia is a dramatic example of this need. Yet the government has not even begun to put together a comprehensive policy package. Research, no matter how much startling evidence it brings to light, can clearly achieve nothing without a determined campaign.

The current cold spell has caused at least 23 deaths in the U.K., France and West Germany. Just how many deaths are needed to spur the government into action?

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London Diary

☐ Following my recent paragraph on the Medical Defence Union's annual report, which included among its terminal disasters the case of a man who was injected with adrenaline instead of atropine, Mr John Duncan, a consultant anaesthetist in Dunfermline, sent me a fairly horrific package of drug labels and correspondence. The labels for adrenaline, ergometrine and atropine are almost identical. A complaint was lodged by the chairman of the area nursing committee. The similarity of the packaging, she argued, 'may lead to unnecessary confusion' (i.e., death). 'The committee realise, and do support the policy that staff should carefully read the label on the box and ampoule. However, an error could arise especially if the individual is under stress.' The chief pharmaceutical officer for West Fife cheerily replied that there was no substitute for reading the label. 'Colour coding is frowned upon by the Department of Health, the Scottish Home and Health Department and the Pharmaceutical Society because it leads to the bad habit of identifying a drug by the colour of its box only. Unless every manufacturer used the same colour for the same drug (and I think they would soon run out of colours) this would result in a much more dangerous situation. For example, a nurse could come from the Lothians where Potassium was in a green box, yet our Water for Injection could come in a green box because it was obtained from another source. A disastrous mistake could follow.'

Since all the labels involved – adrenaline, ergometrine, atropine and water – were green, I failed to see the force of this argument. Requests to the drug company involved, Antigen Ltd, to set up a simple colour coding system proved unavailing. 'As you can see,' Mr Duncan writes, 'the NHS administration are quite content to let patients run this particular hazard because, in the event of an accident, the doctor can be sued through MDU.' Failing any action, all we can do as patients, I suppose, is pray that over-stressed myopic nurses can actually read the labels.

☐ Alleviating the burden of quantum gravity, John Taylor, Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London, is toying with the idea of a scientific fun-book following his best-selling *Black Holes*. The work, he suggests, should include golden oldies like *Einstein Rules – Heavily*; but much of it will be based on the worldwide response to Taylor's poetic hymn to infinite density (much to the disgust of mathematical friends, I file it under science fiction). He particularly cherishes an aged seaman who claimed to have hung over the edge of a black hole for two days in 1908, a man who was convinced of his ability to dissolve clouds, and a third who rang up to say 'I can prove I don't exist' – and promptly rang off. Professor Taylor's favourite joke concerns Wolfgang Pauli, the Nobel prize-winning physicist. Translated to a Higher Sphere, he asked God how he'd done it all in six days flat. God wrote it all down on blackboards stretching to infinity, then said triumphantly 'There you are, what do you think of that?' Pauli was not impressed. 'You've got it wrong by a factor of 2pi in the second line,' he sneered. 'By God, you're right,' came the reply.

☐ Not that religion is without its saving powers – in some areas. A Californian correspondent has sent a copy of the Stanford *Campus Report*, giving a damage assessment after considerable flooding in the library. To begin with, there is some gratifying information about the definitions Stanford uses:

> . . . Many lower shelves of the general periodicals section were seriously wetted. These include back runs of such nonscholarly periodicals as *Sunset*, *Time*, *US News and World Report*, and significant journals such as the *New Statesman*.

Then we come to religion:

> Wetting became less severe, and was finally restricted to the bottom shelves, as one proceeds from Judaism through Islam and Buddhism to Christianity. There was scattered wetting among Church History and Biography, through Theology and into Denominations and Sects, ending in the Eastern Orthodox collections. Both the Roman Catholic Church and Protestantism emerged virtually unscathed.

American technology, incidentally, is equal even to dealing with a library flood – due, in this case, to a burst water-main. About 40,000 soaked books were rushed to a huge freezer facility in San Jose and frozen solid to arrest chemical and biological action. They can now be thawed, dried and restored to use.

☐ Talking of holiness, there seems an awful lot of it around at the moment, with everyone going on about the West's need for spiritual regeneration. I did not take it too seriously until a recent party. Halfway through an enjoyable slurp, our hostess enjoined silence while Mary Kenny delivered a homily on religion in general and St Thomas Aquinas in particular. Two small boys, Fauntleroyed and winsomely scrubbed, then piped seasonal ditties. Oh God, I thought. The painful situation was relieved only by an Irish psychiatrist on my right. 'That is the sort of thing,' he remarked piercingly through the holly and sanctimony, 'that gives paedophilia a bad name.'

☐ Cambridge music is rarely less than surprising. After near-disaster under the management of Jonathan Hearn, a bankrupt amateur brain surgeon, the Cambridge Symphony Orchestra is now well on the way to re-establishing itself under more respectable management. This is quite an achievement, given that only eighteen months ago the orchestra was in such a perilous state that money taken at the box-office had to be rushed straight round to the musicians, who refused to play until they had been paid. Cambridge Opera is equally enterprising. Next week sees a London performance of Thomas Arne's opera, *The Guardian Outwitted*, the first since its opening night 214 years ago, when a hired claque hissed and booed it into oblivion. This performance, in the theatre of the Royal Free Hospital, promises to be slightly less hectic, if not downright sedated. On its last appearance at the hospital, in *Magic Flute*, the company was delayed for so long that the audience had to be placated with the wine they should have had in the interval. Everyone ended up blissfully smashed and quite uncritical of any slight flaws when the performance eventually took place.

☐ Incensed over the holiday by neighbour noise pollution from the flat upstairs, a friend has come up with a solution. All you need, apparently, is O-level Physics and a small electrical circuit (a clapped-out old radio will do) which you then attach with rubber suckers to the ceiling, at a point nearest to the offending source. A microphone attached to the circuit if all-out warfare is necessary, creates intolerable interference after an unacceptable level of decibels is reached. Though not exactly illegal, the system does have a drawback in that it relies to some extent on the intelligence of the offending neighbours. If stupid, they merely turn up the volume in an attempt to overcome the interference. On the principle of the monkey writing Shakespeare, however, it is worth persisting. Even the dumbest eventually get the message.

☐ At this critical juncture in our nation's history, the parameters of inter-personal linguistic communication stand in dire need of top-to-bottom re-structuring. For micro-decision-makers in this year of reassessment of Mr Callaghan's track-record, let us read 'voters'; for the under-privileged, 'poor'. I suppose bloody confrontation between dying gasps of capitalism and power-sharing dialectics will continue, but it would be nice if entrenched situations, especially across the table, were totally abjured while everyone got on with his caring society, Third World and so on. Snakes, of course, will be returned to zoos from an EMS habitat sadly polluted by faceless men in Brussels. At the interface between politics and economics, I fear that there will always be those who define Fascists not as lictors but as those of whom they disapprove, just as they deem moderate only those who accord with their own opinions. However, this apparently negative bi-polarity scenario, though massive, need not necessarily lead to the politics of despair, envy, alternative energy or, indeed, outer space. Given a correct *Gestalt* of comparability and normalisation, dissidents might yet be absorbed into a developing world; and a viable, self-starting year to you all.

Ruth Hall

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ John is 26. He has been in the army for five years and joined for one of the most common reasons – he was in trouble with the police. – *South London Press* (Daphne Soundy)

☐ British Airways lost only £17 million on Concorde and while the supersonic airliner will never make a profit Sir Frank McFadzean, BA's chairman, says Concorde is producing a 'significant and beneficial halo effect' for the airline's subsonic business. – *Observer* (J. R. Soames)

☐ Mr Rocco Forte, the 33-year-old son of Sir Charles Forte, is moving one step nearer the top post in the Trust Houses Forte group with an appointment as deputy chief executive. The move, which also makes 62-year-old Mr L. A. Rosso a deputy chief executive (special assignments), was described by Sir Charles last night as 'a general move upwards'. In the changes Sir Charles, 70, himself becomes executive chairman with Lord Thorneycroft, who is non-executive, remaining as chairman. Mr Eric Hartwell becomes chief executive. Sir Charles said the move was simply one of encouraging the younger executives in the organisation to play a much more significant part in its running. – *Financial Times* (D. G. Thake)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

Transported

Sir, I must maintain my original statement as regards the Briggs review of Rudé's book: there was *no transportation* of convicts to the settlement that became the state/colony of Victoria, Australia. In this I was borne out by Norman D. Harper, Professor Emeritus of History, University of Melbourne, who lunched with me on Sunday, 26 November and read the Briggs review, agreeing with what I had written.

Some freedmen ex-convicts settled in Victoria, especially during the 1851 Gold Rush, but they were *not transported* to Victoria as convicts. They were (unwanted) immigrants, as also were those ex-convicts who flourished in New South Wales – where the wealthiest landowners are all descended from convicts.

Your correspondent L. L. Robson sounds to me very like a Sydney-sider. And Sydney-siders still need passports to enter the free, untainted city of Melbourne, which is now, incidentally, the second largest Greek city – after Athens – in the world. Shades of Hellas!

ROSS WILSON

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Sir, Until its separation as Victoria in 1851 the Port Phillip district was part of the penal colony of New South Wales and participated in the transportation system. As early as 1803 about 300 convicts were transported there from Britain in HMS *Calcutta* and, though the settlement was short-lived and shifted to Van Diemen's Land (Tasmania), convict labour loomed large there when permanent settlement began there at the end of 1834. Between 1844 and 1849, for example, A. G. L. Shaw tells us that 1,727 'Pentonvillains' were sent, and in *The Convict Ships 1787-1868* Charles Bateson lists 12 ships which took convicts there in that period. Only in 1849 did new-found pride (and alternative labour) compel the last three ships to be sent on to Sydney, and the coincidence of separation and the gold-rushes in 1851 made it possible for later generations of Victorians to nourish the illusion that their colony (state from 1901) had never been part of the transportation system.

NOEL MCLACHLAN
Professor of Australian History

University College
Dublin

I write what I like

Sir, R. W. Johnson's review of Steve Biko's writings edited by Aelred Stubbs (NS 15 December) is confused and full of contradictions. He seems to have no cohesive line of thought. He starts by denigrating the efforts of the black American civil rights leaders but then a grudging admiration for them appears as one reads on. Does he think they accomplished anything or does he not? He draws strong parallels between the American civil rights movement and the South African liberation movements. He is wrong. The empathy is there but the parallels are tenuous. Black anger in America is essentially American and black anger in South Africa is very African.

As to Biko, Mr Johnson seems to be emotionally as well as intellectually confused. Does he approve or disapprove of Biko's 'extravagant sex-life'? Does he approve or disapprove of Biko's acceptance of Anglo-American Corporation money? Is he happy or unhappy about Biko's constant contact with whites? How does he really feel about Biko's identification with Christian theology? His reference to Biko's relationship with Fr Stubbs as a 'truly mission-boy relationship' betrays lack of insight and perhaps excusable ignorance about the two people involved.

While granting that the black consciousness movement gave expression to black anger and was effective as a moral force, he writes it off as strategically having 'led nowhere'. To use the past tense about a liberation movement in South Africa where black history is still in the making is absurd. While Mr Johnson is obviously informed and has considerable knowledge to bring to bear on his subject one gets the feeling that on a gut level he is very much the outsider looking in.

WENDY WOODS

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Days of Empire

Sir, It's hard to know from Christopher Hitchens's sloppy sentence in his review of *The Cyprus Revolt* (NS 8 December) whether he means that I do or don't believe the end of the British Empire to have been 'an orderly and decorous business'. As it happens, having been I dare say an eye-witness of the process more often than Mr Hitchens, I thought it above all a muddle, generally benevolent but sometimes vicious: and so it is pictured in my trilogy about the Empire, *Pax Britannica*, which I recommend to his attention.

JAN MORRIS

Trifan Morys
Llanystumdwy
Giaeth, Gwynedd

'Jap' flap

Sir, People who live on islands lying off one end of the Euro-Asian land mass sometimes do not know precisely what has happened in the island off the other end. Murray Sayle's report (NS 1 December) that the contretemps began with the imperious headline 'Buy more British makes, Japs' in the Brighton *Evening Argus* demonstrated that the contretemps had not ended. The headline about which complaint was made to the Press Council was: 'Japs urged to "Buy British".'

The distinction is important. The adjudication was limited to 'The Press Council does not consider that the use of the word "Japs" *in the headline complained of* can be regarded as offensive or derogatory.' No-one asked it whether the use of the word would have been offensive or derogatory in the imperious headline Murray Sayle wrote.

KENNETH MORGAN
Deputy Director

The Press Council
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Trotsky's assassin

Sir, For the past three and a half years the International Committee of the Fourth International and its British section, the Workers Revolutionary Party, have been conducting an investigation into the circumstances surrounding the assassination of Leon Trotsky. At no time has the slightest hint of a Gestapo connection emerged ('Trotsky's death: the Nazi link', NS 8 December).

We have examined official archives in Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, New York, Washington DC, and Mexico City. In the voluminous files of the Third Reich at Koblenz there are numerous references to Trotsky and his European sections, but nothing about Gestapo involvement in the murder. While Mr Boyes's only evidence for his fatuous theory is an unnamed 'elderly Catalan emigré', we have uncovered a mass of documentary proof to show Mercader was a trained GPU killer acting on Stalin's orders. We have interviewed Spanish and Mexican Stalinists who knew him in the CP before and after the murder and we have traced details of the GPU cell in which he worked. When he was released from prison in Mexico in 1960, the new Kremlin masters brought him back to the Soviet Union, gave him a job and awarded him the Star of Lenin – hardly the kind of treatment you would expect them to accord a Gestapo agent. The disinformation exercise by Mr Boyes can only be designed to try to exculpate the Stalinist bureaucracy and its hand-raisers in the West from responsibility for Trotsky's murder. This will not succeed. The Trotskyist movement will defend its history. This is not the 1930s when, under another regime, the NEW STATESMAN supported the Moscow Trials which liquidated the Old Bolsheviks as 'counter-revolutionaries' and 'agents of imperialism'.

ALEX MITCHELL

News Line
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Mixing drinks

Sir, Bruce Page's whisky survey (NS 22 & 29 December) is excellent as far as it goes – but does not go nearly far enough. I can show you some eye-opening letters from firms to whom I suggested how things might be done differently and better.

The main trouble lies in 'reducing' whisky with water to the required standard 70° proof, and this happens with malts as well as blends. This half kills it off and is totally unnecessary (though the other method is, of course, more expensive). It would be interesting to have samples in my possession analysed similarly to those in the tables published by you.

There is only one point where I totally and violently disagree with you: far from allowing exports of well-matured malts in bulk, I would like to see these totally prohibited. The Japanese could not even begin to produce a passable hooch without such malts. All good malts not needed for blending here (and your 50 per cent minimum proportion, with actual proportion always stated on the bottle by law seems an excellent suggestion) should be bottled and sold as single malts. Incidentally, if they were corked instead of sealed with a metal screw cap, they would continue to 'breathe' and mature in the bottle, like a good claret; but again this is more expensive.

E. JUNGE

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The White House
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Sir, Your instructive piece on Scotch whisky reminds me of an experiment I conducted while on leave in the US last year. In the US it has been for a long time the practice to sell really crummy Scotch at very low prices. It turned out that, in the estimation of a dozen or so people tasting blind, the addition of 10 per cent Laphroaig turned $5 whisky into $8 whisky – definitely a bargain.

ROGER NEEDHAM

7 Brook Lane
Coton, Cambridge

The executive dole queue

Sir, From the shelter of employment I can now afford to be amused – but not undisturbed – by Terence O'Brien's experiences with Professional and Executive Recruitment (NS 22 and 29 December). Obviously things have changed little since my own encounter with PER some three years ago.

I had been made redundant, and I phoned PER's head office in London to see what they could offer. A pleasant and mild mannered man asked me a number of basic questions. How old was I? What sort of salary was I looking for? Did I have a degree? Was I married and how many children did I have? I answered. There was a pause, and then he said: 'You know, I'm the same age as you and have roughly the same qualifications. And if I wasn't doing what I'm doing now – pushing bits of paper from one part of a desk to another – I'd be standing next to you in the dole queue. I'll put you on the Register if you wish, but with unemployment running as high as it is, frankly you're just wasting your time.'

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Nevertheless, despite his gloomy predictions, I registered, and for the next two years I was periodically bombarded with expensively produced literature informing me that PER agents, utilising every sophisticated technique, were scouring the country with the express purpose of finding me suitable employment. Net result – nil. Perhaps at that time I was just plain unemployable. But I still like to think that the man at head office had at least done me the courtesy of being honest.

JEFF GROMAN

21 Crownfield Avenue
Newbury Park
Ilford, Essex

There was a young lady

Sir, I'm not quite sure what Gavin Ewart means by saying that bowdlerised limericks don't work (NS 22 & 29 December): Jack Hylton, with some help from Leslie Sarony, did very well with 'Rhymes' in the early thirties precisely *because* they were bowdlerised (it was all in the minds of the audience, as Max Miller well knew).

As to the origins of the limerick, Mr Ewart quotes one of the theories suggesting an origin in that part of Ireland; I have, however, only a few days ago, read in a Victorian book, which I cannot lay my hands on for the moment, the idea that the form happened to fit an existing song, or one version of it, which was sung as a chorus in between the verses, in the same way as 'Rhymes' (That was a beautiful rhyme/Sing us another one do), or in a slightly earlier period 'fol-the-rol-lol' as sung by George Lashwood in the halls around the beginning of this century. This 'existing song' was 'Won't you come up to Limerick?'; I must admit I don't think the words lie easy on the tune, but that wouldn't stop the average person after a few pints – at least it wouldn't stop me.

BILL MANLEY

c/o Tower Theatre
London N1

Trust in princes

Sir, Derek Mahon in his review of *The Complete Poems of Hugh MacDiarmid* (NS 1 December) expresses the suspicion that MacDiarmid may have been guilty of snobbery in dedicating his 'First Hymn to Lenin' to Prince Mirsky and another work to the Duke of Montrose. I cannot say anything about the dedication to the Duke of Montrose, but the dedication to Mirsky was entirely appropriate. D. S. Mirsky, whose title of Prince was in any case far less honorific than the corresponding title in English, was possibly the foremost historian and critic of Russian literature of his time. Ironically, he returned to the Soviet Union in the thirties and disappeared from view. His fate is unknown.

HARRY MILNE

16 North Park Terrace
Edinburgh

A dreadful monument

Sir, As one of the judges for this year's John Moores Exhibition I consider some of John Spurling's comments (NS 8 December) to be inaccurate and his concluding sentence regrettable. The John Moores Exhibition is not the 'Booker Prize of contemporary British art'. It is chosen from an open send-in. Not all the painters in this country submit work. This year 2,200 did and the judges selected what they considered the best paintings. The organisers gave the judges complete freedom to select and award prizes according to their individual criteria and tastes. At no time did the judges allow the name of the artist to be given when the painting was carried before them. Mr Spurling refers to 'consolation prizes'. There were no consolation prizes.

He concludes his article with the sentence: 'The unwary visitor should be warned that this show in no way represents the best British contemporary art but is rather a dreadful monument to the petty politics of the art world.' Mr Spurling should explain precisely what he means by 'petty politics of the art world' and how these politics affected the sending in, the judging, the prizes and the hanging of the exhibition. If he cannot do this he should apologise to all concerned in planning the exhibition, to the judges and to all the artists who submitted their paintings.

BERNARD COHEN

17 Leyborne Park
Kew, Surrey

Book rights

Sir, Correction: credit is where credit's due. The *Trooper Peter Halket* I introduced in 1974 (London Diary, 1 December) was published by Ad. Donker, Johannesburg, not Wildwood; it's available, however, from Wildwood now. Not a Foot-Fault: a misunderstanding, *mea culpa*.

MARION FRIEDMANN

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Jokemanship

Sir, There is an error in Edward Pygge's ingenious and entertaining Christmas Quiz: my *Danny Hill* was published in 1977 and therefore does not qualify for inclusion in the section 'Seventy Eight'.

Some of your readers may remember that it was into this pastiche that I deliberately inserted some sections from *Fanny Hill*, to see if any reviewer had the knowledge to spot them. Not one did – though one, a lecturer in English Literature, pontificated about John Cleland's style and my inability to match it. Only one literary joke has given me comparable pleasure – though I have committed many, detected and undetected. This was when I managed to get four letters into a single issue of the *Spectator* – all on the same subject but each under a different pseudonym.

FRANCIS KING

19 Gordon Place, London W8

Living with giants

Sir, You quote R. H. Tawney (NS 1 December) and what he was saying on Europe in 1949. I can only quote a conversation I had with him in 1956 shortly before he died. We were discussing how the overgrowth and overcentralisation of government and of industry and commerce was making nonsense of democracy because such forces were not only manipulating how people voted but what they voted about. His final comment was that people were not writing nearly enough about these dangers.

And neither, sir, more than two decades later, are you, which may help to explain the not very compulsively interesting atmosphere of political unreality which invests your pages these days. You may be quite right to champion 'Europe' as a means to peace, but you have at least an intellectual duty to spell out how a united Europe will avoid being embroiled in wars in other continents as the United States was in Asia and the Russians now are in Africa. Does the recent proposal that 'Europe' should organise an army to fight in Africa (for peace of course) encourage you to believe that a united Europe spells peace?

May I suggest further that you have a similar intellectual duty to show *how* a united Europe will achieve prosperity for the peoples of Europe? Does the widespread poverty in the United States (despite all its riches), or United India or the United Gulags of Russia and of China give you any grounds for supposing that it will? On what grounds do you suppose the wine lakes and butter mountains created by the elephantine bureaucracy in Brussels will go away? Or that the development of a European currency will stop inflation? Is the lesson lost on you that even as the ministers of the Common Market countries were meeting in Bremen to advance this fatuous proposal the world money markets were in a panic from the sudden collapse in value of the United States dollar?

Has it escaped your notice that all big countries are quite unable to solve their poverty problems whereas the only countries which have succeeded in doing so (the Scandinavians, the Swiss, Liechtenstein – pop 22,000 – Holland and Belgium) are all small, often with populations less than that of London? If you really believe the way forward is towards giantism, rather than towards a human scale of affairs which people really can control, don't you feel the least sense of responsibility to show *how* such a future will deliver the goods?

JOHN PAPWORTH

Hotel Chola
Madras

Emptying dustbins

Sir, It is not enough to demand the end of remands of children to prison. Nor to argue, as Mr Kilroy-Silk does (NS 22 and 29 December) that prisons are the only 'social dustbins' and that we only need 'sufficient resources for the building of Community Homes'. Community Homes themselves will be 'social dustbins' unless the Government and local authorities can be persuaded to change their policy of paying rock-bottom wages to residential staff, with a national grading structure that takes no account of local conditions.

Residential workers in my own local authority will shortly be asking for regrading. The odds are that we shall be fobbed off with pious references to the National Grade, and the need to avoid a 'rat race' (ie bidding up salaries so that we might finally have enought staff to do the work). Meanwhile, our Reception and Assessment Centre (the main alternative within the Borough to remands in prison) was this Christmas down to 11 out of 30 permanent staff, with about half its places unusable.

ALAN STANTON

Brent Nalgo Branch
16-18 High Street, London NW10

Pork'n'beans

Sir, It is not so – as Philip French claimed in his review of *Coming in to the Country* (NS 15 December) – that 'very few people can afford to get into the true wilderness (of Alaska) for which you need a plane.'

As honorary secretary, until recently, of the International Andean Mountaineers Club, Quito, I met a good number of young men and women who, though broke, had trekked and climbed all over that awkward state. They assured me that as long as you can make light of a 100 lb pack and can accommodate yourself to snow-hole life during a three week blizzard, the freedom of Alaska is yours for the price of good boots, tent, pack, rifle, and half cwt of pork'n'beans. What you can't afford to do in 'the country' is break a leg. But where on earth can you?

Incidentally, for NEW STATESMAN mountaineering readers visiting the northern Andes, the International Andean Mountaineers Club meets at the Hojes de Hierba café, Avenida 6 de Diciembre, Quito, Wednesdays at 8.30 pm.

CHARLES E. HARLEY

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Barnet, Herts

In the picture

Sir, I am editing a collection of essays on different aspects of the life and work of G. Bernard Shaw entitled *The Genius of Shaw* which will be published in 1979 by Hodder & Stoughton. The book will contain a large number of illustrations and I would like to include a ¾-length painting by the Fabian artist Bertha Newcombe painted in 1898 and called 'Mr George Bernard Shaw's Attitude Towards an Audience'. If any of your readers knows the whereabouts of this painting, I would very much like to hear from him or her.

MICHAEL HOLROYD

The Rainbird Publishing Group Ltd
36 Park Street, London W1

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

But once a year

The main excitement of our joyous Christmas season at Appleton, though perhaps 'incident' would be a more accurate description, was when my Cousin Madge, aged 87, seeking after her afternoon nap to replenish her wood fire, leaned across a hearthside chair, toppled over and fell head first into her log basket. She remained there, upside down and quietly contemplating the mysteries of the universe until help arrived and she was pulled out by the legs and restored to an upright position by her devoted friend Ruth (86). She suffered a few bruises but came to no serious harm and, briskly dusted down, was able to make her customary hearty tea (scones, Devonshire cream and dollops of last year's home-made raspberry). There is a splendidly defiant and resilient strain among our older residents and I was proud that my relation had taken her little mishap in the sporting spirit of 'Oh well' which is such a feature of life here in the geriatric belt. Let Fate, let alone The Maker, do their damnedest; they will find a Dunkirk mood in this leafy neck of the woods.

I was, alas, away from home at the time, having been summoned by the BBC to appear as a member of the team on the *Any Questions?* programme in a rather remote Wiltshire village, made remoter still by the fog that that evening swirled around its pleasant roads. And we were even remoter yet in that our answers to the questions put to us were heard by nobody but those present in the agreeable village hall (they had braved the weather and had nobly turned out at 8 pm, filling every chair). It was the day of the BBC sound radio strike, timed for 4 pm. The BBC technicians had started out from Bristol betimes in the morning, had set up in the hall the necessary microphones and the various other electrical contraptions and then, promptly at 4 pm, had dismantled them, packed everything back into the van, and had gone home. This manoeuvre made, I suppose, sense to somebody.

I can never begin to understand the rights and wrongs and the ins and outs of strikes and when disgruntled workers grumble that their differentials and wage-packets are being eroded, I can think only of the schoolboy indecencies that the words suggest ('Stop tampering with my differentials'). But in connection with the BBC and its apparently increasingly bankrupt situation, a very sharp increase in the licence fee seems to me to be totally justified. Look at it, if you will, this way. Supposing that, keen to be taken out of yourself, you went out into the world of entertainment – theatres, cinemas, clubs – with the sum of ten shillings clutched in your hand (oh all right, 50p then), what could you buy? A gallery seat for the ballet? An upper circle for *Oliver*? A *fauteuil* for *Star Wars*? Anyway, just one humble seat for just one performance. The BBC licence fee for extravagant viewers works out at about 50p a week, and ten bob seems to me an extraordinarily small weekly payment for what the BBC so colourfully supplies. In the black-and-white sphere, it is less than half that. In the purely radio world there is no charge at all, and one would like to feel that a great surge of gratitude sweeps over listeners as they switch bucksheely on. Apart from the poor and the aged and retired persons, for whom there should be special concessions, I cannot believe that anybody who is gainfully employed would truthfully miss an extra 50p a week or, if they do miss it, would grudge the sum. But then I suppose that not everybody realises that in the BBC we have, backed up (here and there) by ITV, a sound and vision service of a general excellence quite unknown anywhere alse in the world. Hooray for us.

I must own regretfully up to the fact that in the pre-Christmas *Any Questions?* non-event I caused some sad Wiltshire head shakings and reproving glances when the subject of the Edward VIII and Mrs Simpson telly series arose. Was it not a pity, we were asked, that ITV did not show some compassion and wait until the lady herself were also dead? I found myself speaking for once quite crisply and, though scowled at, reminded the audience of what the mischievous choirboys of 1936 sang that Christmas: 'Hark the herald angels sing, Mrs Simpson's pinched our King.' I went on to add that, apart from the fact that she herself was only too ready to rush profitably (*The Heart Has Its Reasons*) into print and Tell All, we need not surely be too careful about upsetting the sensibilities of a foreigner who managed to get herself removed from a husband and live an extremely plushy life with the man of her choice who happened once to be a King, a life which, though doubtless dotted with kindnesses, never seemed to be *totally* devoted to good causes or the well-being of others. Such was the sorrowful silence that greeted my reasoning that I did not dare to throw in the undoubted fact that many persons of repute feel that a statue should be erected to her by a grateful nation.

On my happy return from this profitless sortie to the joys of holly-bedecked 'Myrtlebank', I found Appleton, as usual, *en fête* and dear Miss Entwhistle scarcely visible for wrapping-paper and ribbons. I am glad to report that the Bultitudes, who do not always grace England with their presence at this section of the winter, are fully in residence and their normal hospitable selves, with Giles yelling 'come up and lower a noggin' down the telephone wires to all and sundry. It is extremely difficult to make one's way into what the Italians would reverentially refer to as Palazzo Bultitude without inadvertently bursting a balloon. Bunty's breath, which is at other times expelled in bright social chatter ('Giles and I have got quite idiotically fond of Deauville all over again') expels itself at Yuletide entirely into balloons. Balloons are everywhere. I did not need, on the occasion of my visit, to make use of the downstairs lavatory ('Give the doings a really sharp tug, old boy: it's apt to stick') but doubtless it too has its quota of coloured balloons. Bunty's passion for these decorative objects, together with what we have to call the leather pouffes on which, with trimly shingled head, she is prone to perch, reveal her '20s background, and very nice too. I have unfortunately never been able to invent an excuse for penetrating into what house-agents would certainly call 'the Master Bedroom with bathroom *en suite*' but something tells me that it contains a crinolined doll whose spreading skirts tastefully conceal the telephone, with Bunty's pyjamas tucked into a pink sateen 'nightdress-case' with Sweet Dreams embroidered on it. Very nice, again.

If my mind seems somewhat to be running on the '20s, it is because a kind and imaginative friend with an eye for a valuable novelty has given me as a Christmas present the truly remarkable LP record constructed by Barbara Cartland, whose splendid autobiography *We Danced All Night* proclaimed her to be a prime '20s figure. Although it is now, as I write, 1978, she stout-heartedly wobbles her way through a variety of well-known numbers such as 'Dream Lover', 'I'll See You Again' and 'Mr Wonderful', with a few choice *pensées* about Life and Love thrown in. At the first hearing, and during an excerpt from *The Desert Song* I was slightly startled to hear the *chanteuse* announce how exciting it must be to be carried away by a sheep, but at a further hearing (the record has scarcely stopped revolving) it turned out to be a sheik instead. She is accompanied by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, no less, and here and there she is supported, in the very nick of time, by the Mike Sammes Singers. I would be only too happy to present to Miss Cartland a bumper 1978 award for courage. I *think* I mean courage.

But apart from merely wondering whether at this stage of our country's development such vocal contributions actually add anything to our rich artistic heritage, I have great respect for Miss Cartland. She looks, for one thing, at any hour of the day, or of the night for all I know, either as though she were just on her way to a ball at Buckingham Palace (Her Majesty rather jealous of the jewels, I shouldn't wonder) or all togged up and ready for the final walk-down ('Here comes the Queen of Hearts') in the last scene of an especially sumptuous pantomime. How splendid at her advanced age to keep her flag so resolutely flying.

Roger Woddis

An Honourable Man

The man his masters most revere
Is Herbert Swarf, the engineer,
Who rose from lathe to desk, whereat
He served the proletariat.
Determined from his earliest youth
To fight for Liberty and Truth,
He laboured long and soon became
A full-time keeper of the flame,
Who thought no staunch trade unionist
Should figure in an Honours List –
Until he heard the Royal Sword
Was poised to render him a Lord.

The dream he carried in his head,
Which seemed to some the deepest red,
Turned orange, thence to pink, then yellow:
Our Herbert had begun to mellow,
A process that, in place of strife,
Held promise of a quiet life.
His principles, already frayed,
Could not resist an accolade;
For, as he argued, 'Why refuse?
Deep down I've never changed the views
I've nurtured since I was a lad.'
Deep down, in fact, he never had.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Denis Donoghue

The Common Pursuit

Alexander Pope by G. S. FRASER *Routledge* £4.95
Rochester's Poetry by DAVID FARLEY-HILLS *Bell & Hyman* £8.95

G. S. Fraser probably knows that there are readers who don't need the kind of book he has written on Pope, and he addresses himself to 'the ordinary reader'. Ten or fifteen years ago it was standard practice to address 'the common reader'. Are common and ordinary the same? Or has 'common' gone down in the world and 'ordinary' come up? I've been trying to decide, reading Fraser's book, who his ordinary reader is likely to be. My guess is that he's a student, but not a good one, and that he'll need to read Fraser's book to get a lower Second.

Fraser is much concerned with his reader, but he doesn't really know who he is or the probable relation between his ignorance and his knowledge. Evidently Fraser has decided that his reader doesn't know even the first thing about Parnassus, the Duke of Marlborough, Spinoza, Congreve, Palladian style, Malatesta, or the Great Chain of Being: these things are briefly explained or at least placed. But he's expected to know 17th-century English political history well enough to have conceived a prejudice about it. Maybe History is taught better in the schools than English. Anyway, Fraser is troubled and insecure about his reader. Referring to Maynard Mack's introduction to the *Essay on Man*, he remarks that 'it was written in 1947, nearer Pope's world than it is near even to the academic world of today'. He doesn't just mean 30 years nearer. Does he mean that the last 30 years have removed us, even the paid professors of English Literature, further from Pope's world than the previous 200? He may be right. A few pages later he says that 'ethics in Pope's time was anything but the intellectually amusing study it has become now'.

Well, everyone takes his amusement where he finds it, but I don't know anyone who engages in ethical debate for amusement. Fraser is more secure in saying that 'the ordinary reader need not perhaps bother himself with the complicated details about the alteration to the text of the four *Moral Essays* in the 1744 edition of Pope's works'. Yes, that's a reasonable point, and presumably the 'perhaps' is there to register Fraser's rueful sense that there was a time when the ordinary reader might have been expected to take an interest in such things. But near the end of the book, when Fraser has been talking splendidly about *The Dunciad,* he says, 'I shall not quote the grand concluding lines of the poem, Miltonic in their grandeur: they are too familiar for comment, though their force and eloquence can never weary.' Too familiar to whom? To the lad who never heard of Parnassus and has to have it explained to him twice within 90 pages so that he can cope with Locke's saying, itself quoted twice, that Parnassus is a pleasant air but a barren soil? I wouldn't be sure that such a dingaling carries the grand concluding lines of *The Dunciad* in his head or that its grandeur, Miltonic or not, will only need to be mentioned to be recalled. And whom can the force and eloquence of the last passage in *The Dunciad* never weary? I could name a few students who have been wearied before they've reached it and remain wearied thereafter.

I've been fussing about the reader because Fraser is obviously doubtful about the attributes he can suppose to reside in that pampered creature. Having signed the contract, Fraser evidently decided that he must jolly the reader along, keep him diverted, ask him to be interested, at least for the page being, in Pope's friends (Oxford, Bolingbroke, Addison, Wycherley, Swift) and generally keep him occupied on the question of Pope's being more a Restoration than an Augustan figure. Meanwhile, he runs through the early poems, the *Essay on Criticism, The Rape of the Lock,* the translation of Homer, the *Essay on Man*, the *Epistle to Burlington*, and *The Dunciad*. It's all well done, very lively, direct, unboring, informative where information is desirable. The readings of Pope are entirely acceptable. But after going through Fraser's 130 pages I think it's a pity a fine critic's time (I mean Fraser's) should be spent cushioning second-rate students from the blow of reading Pope's poems. The ordinary reader invoked by Fraser is not required to lift a finger. Presumably the book will be bought mainly by university libraries. All the reader has to do is take it down from the shelf and mosey through it, skipping here and there, and letting Fraser's ideas rattle about in his head.

No intellectual demand is made upon him; he is not required to exert himself on any question of principle, form, or language. Fraser has done it all, proposed the questions and supplied the answers. A few comparisons are established, a fairly standard one between Pope and Swift as satirists, a far more telling one between Pope and Pound in their versions of the Elpenor episode in Homer. The only occasion on which Fraser demands that his reader test the argument rather than sink to rest upon it is early on, when he's talking about satire. 'We can also paradoxically assert,' he asserts, 'that though Pope is our greatest verse satirist, his natural genius is *not* for satire.' I can see the imperative 'Discuss' homing in on that sentence. Fraser's argument is that

> satire aims at the type, not the individual, the vice or folly not the man: if the cap fits wear it; if a satirist points out some faults of ours, we should silently correct them, and be grateful.

Thanks for nothing. Satirists enjoy themselves too much to need, in addition, the victim's gratitude. I don't believe in the distinction between the individual and the type, anyway. If there is such a distinction in theory, it's being whittled away in practice; we're all tending to become the same. Fraser maintains that Sporus in the *Epistle to Arbuthnot* 'is not a portrait of a recurrent type'. I don't see why not, even though the source, Lord Hervey, was nice enough and certainly more decent than Pope made him out to be. But the only conclusion from that is that Pope's satire is often unfair – a libel or a lampoon – not that satire needs a distinction between individual and type.

David Farley-Hills's study of Rochester's poems evidently has a different reader in view, but again it's hard to say how far upmarket his reader is. I suppose the difference between £4.95 and £8.95 separates some people from other people. The question is complicated by Rochester's recent vogue, a popularity excited by the publication of Graham Greene's unexciting book *Lord Rochester's Monkey* in 1974. Carcanet Press's selection of Rochester's poems has been a best-seller among books of verse; I gather it has sold about 7,000 copies – not bad even for a Restoration rake given to naughty words. Farley-Hills can't be accused of cashing in on indecency, unless *Rochester's Poetry* is thought to bear the same relation to his *Benevolence of Laughter: Comic Poetry from 1650 to 1700* that *Jaws 2* bears to *Jaws 1*. He uses the salty words when their time comes, but he doesn't go daft about them. And he seems to be addressing not quite Fraser's ordinary reader but the cleverer student in the next carrel:

> As R. E. Quaintance has shown, in an interesting article on the *Imperfect Enjoyment* poem as a minor 17th-century genre, Rochester's poem is one of the last of a series of French and English poems on the subject of sexual disappointment that have as their ultimate origins Ovid's *Amores* (III, vii) and sections 128-140 of Petronius's *Satyricon*.

If a student is ready to dig out the *Philological Quarterly*, Vol. 42 (1963) pp. 190-199 and read Quaintance on 'French Sources of the Restoration Imperfect Enjoyment Poem' I'd be happy to give him the upper Second he's lusting for.

Farley-Hills's method is to divide Rochester's poems into various groups, mostly libertine, Platonic, and anti-Platonic, and to illustrate the conventions they observe and modify. This involves copious reference to James Smith, Richard Corbett, Charles Cotton, Samuel Butler, Horace, Boileau, Marston, Cleveland, Cowley, Marvell and Régnier as providing diverse settings for Rochester's poems. Naturally, Farley-Hills has a high opinion of Rochester's poetry, and an interest in raising him from the rakish company of Sedley and Dorset in which he has usually been found. A persuaded reader will now believe that Rochester is in the better company of Marvell and heading toward Pope and Swift. I wouldn't object to such promotion, unless a further condition is prescribed: that we have to take Rochester seriously as a thinker.

In Farley-Hills's seminar, I would try to make two points, both with disclaiming and reductive intent. One: that Rochester did no thinking at all until his death-bed conversations with Gilbert Burnet, when thought was the only exertion he could manage. If you want to offer Rochester as a thinker, you have to take the conversations with Burnet and spread them, already thin enough, over the earlier poetic years and interpret the whole work in those terms. Two: I would object to the grand reading of Rochester's poems as if

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they were all philosophical. Farley-Hills takes the philosophic satires, 'Upon Nothing' and 'Satire against Mankind', too seriously in any case, and places them at the centre of Rochester's work. This has the effect of making everything he wrote seem implicitly or incipiently philosophical. The tendency arises from Farley-Hills's insistence that the terms we need for a reading of Rochester are moral terms, notably those of order and disorder. He keeps insisting that 'the central preoccupation of Rochester's poetry is how to achieve order in a world that is essentially disorderly'. That sentence, or something like it, turns up seven or eight times in the book: 'much of Rochester's concern as a poet is to find an orderly way of asserting a metaphysic of disorder,' and so on. Apart from the fact that the terminology of order and disorder applies to nearly every poet, it seems peculiarly inappropriate for Rochester. The philosophy of 'Upon Nothing' is old-fashioned scepticism; there is nothing original in its thought, and if you want to make a big claim for it you should go for the poetry and play down the heavy thinking. Farley-Hills has a lot invested in Rochester, so he wants him to produce a sparkling dividend in every activity. The promotion is sometimes exorbitant. 'Love and Life' is a memorable poem but I don't see how Farley-Hills finds a comparison between it and Marvell's 'To His Coy Mistress' 'inevitable' or how in that context it becomes 'one of the great poems of the century'.

Rochester's best poems are 'Artemisia to Chloe', 'Love and Life', 'Upon Nothing' and the 'Satire against Mankind', but none of these justifies any great claim for Rochester as a serious thinker. To be fair to him, he never made the claim himself. One of the attractive things about him is that he didn't pretend to universal seriousness, though he was careful about what interested him. In the seminar I would argue against Farley-Hills that Rochester was indeed careful about his poetry but that this care was entirely consistent with its opportunism. The opportunities were provided by the available forms, conventions, manners and moods. I see no evidence that Rochester wanted to produce original thought; he wanted to write the same sort of thing as everybody else, but better, easier, more stylishly.

I hope Farley-Hills's reader will get pleasure and a reasonable profit from this book. The style calls for a more sombre reader than George Fraser has in mind: there is a note of elevation which Fraser has not found desirable. Both books are excellent in their way; but I wish I could be a bit more sanguine about the educational system to which, however differently, they are addressed.

Alan Brownjohn

Less Means Less

Colleges in Crisis: The Reorganisation of Teacher Training 1971-7 by DAVID HENCKE *Penguin Education* 95p.

The 1970s have not been tranquil years for Britain's schools: we have had the great comprehensive change-over, noisy disputes about standards, pupil power and parent power, the Black Papers and the Great Debate. In the midst of all this it required some dogged investigative work on the part of a handful of journalists to fathom what the Department of Education and Science was actually doing about the quality and the organisation of the training provided for teachers. Now, one of them, David Hencke of the *Guardian*, has written a sharp little book which exposes a murky chapter of administrative history and confirms what many people suspected: governments and civil servants were doing nothing much about teacher training in the Seventies. They simply worked a numbers game which put a squeeze on provision for higher education and reduced training to a state of chaos.

The story begins with a monumental mix-up in the forecasting. Throughout the Sixties, teacher-training was a spectacular growth profession; the extension of colleges and the recruitment of students could barely keep pace with the demands of the schools. Even in 1970, a DES Education Planning Paper pictured a continuing increase in numbers up to 1981. Yet only one year later, Department mandarins had detected clear possibilities of an overkill in teacher supply: if you looked again at the birth-rate, the fact was that the number of trainees required for the schools by 1981 would probably need to be *halved*. We were suddenly and traumatically passing from a time of chronic teacher shortage to a period of acute teacher unemployment.

The reasons for so huge a miscalculation remain baffling. What seems quite certain from Hencke's stage-by-stage scrutiny of DES tactics is that Lord James's committee of inquiry into teacher training was apprised of the sudden change in the figures – and then given broad hints that the Official Secrets Act bound them to silence. Such alarming statistics were not for public consumption so soon. As a result, a government committee charged to advise on the troublesome area of teacher education was put into the unbelievable position of publishing a report without the crucial section which alone would have enabled its principal recommendations to make convincing sense.

Hencke's contention is that James's missing pages would have supplied solid arguments, including sound economic ones, for using the resources of the 150 colleges as the base for a substantial expansion of opportunities in higher education – even if teacher training required to be cut back. Without the suppressed chapter it is difficult to judge whether James's reforms would have seemed more sensible and viable in educational terms than they did at the time; but certainly the report came under a hail of criticism in 1972 for what seemed a pointless and ill-reasoned set of changes in student courses and qualifications. The Conservative Government (with Mrs Thatcher at Education) took its cue from hostile opinion, hid the James proposals behind the dust raised by local government reorganisation, and started on a carve-up of colleges in the name of administrative tidiness. The post-1974 Labour Government – contrary to its promises – eagerly finished the job.

How could it happen that so large a sector of higher education could go down so easily? The adroitness with which the 'expansion' of higher education was turned into an exercise in contraction without even changing the word (the White Paper of December 1972 was still *A Framework for Expansion*) demonstrates the power and ruthlessness – and the ingenuity – of the responsible officials at the DES. Local authorities and other bodies controlling colleges of education were given to understand that they might freely plan for a diverse provision of higher education opportunities. In fact, any plans which did not magically match a secret blueprint drawn by an internal committee of the DES were returned to their senders with stern admonitions. The Inner London Education Authority had a particularly heavy ticking-off.

The Department achieved what it wanted by concealing its own intentions and letting the colleges realise gradually that they were competing with each other for slices of an ever-dwindling cake; most of their forward planning became a frantic – and in the end, a wasted – struggle to provide for a future which never came. For the DES it was divide and rule, certainly; but also *confuse* and rule, as Hencke's four case-histories of individual institutions amply show. The tactic worked triumphantly: whatever James, the long line of Ministers, the local authorities or the unions wanted, higher education was trimmed back and remodelled precisely as Sir Toby Weaver and Mr Hugh Harding of the DES wished it to be in 1971.

The changes in the system have not been directed at improving the quality of teacher education and its relevance to the hard realities of the classroom. Would-be teachers now need to choose between a weird array of rapidly planned training degrees scattered bewilderingly over universities, polytechnics, old-style training colleges and new Institutes of Higher Education. They could be forgiven for wondering whether theory hasn't gained even more ground in training at the expense of practice, or for asking themselves whether the personal education of students hasn't lost out. Women may notice that opportunities of higher education for them have declined, since the loss of teacher-training places is a loss in an area where women traditionally had a larger share than men. Teachers who have qualified already will see that chances of extended in-service refresher courses – on which James laid enormous stress – are still dismally inadequate.

There is a wider moral in all this, as Hencke is at pains to show. The world of government and decision-making is now almost overwhelmingly complicated. Civil servants lacking sympathy with the problems and the needs of the areas they administer will increasingly apply simplistic solutions. And such solutions will be harmful substitutes for considered policies. Anyone interested in the mechanisms of hidden government could read *Colleges in Crisis* with profit. But everyone concerned for the future of education, higher or lower, should read it w[illegible]der both where and how [illegible]he DES might stri[illegible]

Statesman 5 January

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Craig Raine

Promises, Premises

Tenebrae by GEOFFREY HILL *Deutsch* £2.50
Cave Birds by TED HUGHES *Faber* £5.95

You may recall Arnold's melancholy, long withdrawing roar as he retreated into classicism, took down the ancients and drew the curtains of his study against the intractable subject matter of his time. The age, he complained to Clough in 1849, was 'not unprofound, not ungrand, not unmoving – but *unpoetical*'. In some sense, the null and worthy *Merope*, more thesis than poetic drama, was already on the index cards. Clough's real reply came in 1858 with *Amours de Voyage*. He solved Arnold's problem by accepting it. While Arnold toiled studiously up Mount Parnassus, short of oxygen, somewhere beyond the vegetation line, where imagery peters out and only great undressed boulders of philosophy survive, Clough pottered around in the flatlands, far from these touchstones, twisting the hexameter into comic, unpoetical shapes: 'Am I prepared to lay down my life for the British female?' his anti-hero ponders. The effect is much the same as a Betjeman iambic pentameter apostrophising Virol or Sanatogen. *Amours de Voyage* is a great poem of its kind, with its own ironical pity and terror, yet it is Arnold who is read, even if *Merope* is never taken up twice. Why?

The reputation of Geoffrey Hill is relevant here. In some ways, he has inherited not Arnold's mantle but his hair-shirt. His poetry is full of high seriousness. You can't miss the noble application of scruples to life. The purged cadences, the bitter medicine of his syntax appeals to the puritan in us: even when the poetry is difficult, obscure and painful to read, we know it is doing us good. It makes no concessions to our intellectual and moral self-esteem. It administers a wonderful snub. Morever, history plays much the same role in Hill's poetry as the classics do in Arnold's, acting, in a *recherché* way, as a transparency through which the glare of immediate experience is filtered. Finally, both are academic poets.

Mercian Hymns, Hill's last collection, showed just how good this kind of poetry can be. Using the historical, under-documented figure of King Offa, Hill was enabled to write about his unpoetical childhood self: 'Then, leaving Ceolred, he journeyed for hours, calm and alone, in his private derelict sandlorry named *Albion*.' In context, I find this nearly as moving as the end of Rimbaud's 'Le Bateau Ivre':

> Si je désire une eau d'Europe, c'est la flache
> Noire et froide où vers le crépuscule embaumé
> Un enfant accroupi plein de tristesses, lâche
> Un bateau fréle comme un papillon de mai.

Some of the hymns are marvellously funny, too. The epic mode appropriate to Offa nicely judges and places the seriousness of the only child. A diary full of grudges is comically transposed into this heroic paragraph:

> It was there that he drew upon grievances from the people; attended to signatures and retributions; forgave the death-howls of his rival. And there he exchanged gifts with the Muse of History.

The childish mania for signing one's name becomes 'the seals of gold and base metal into which he had sunk his name'. And this section ends with homework, with the pathos and broad comedy of 'he wept, attempting to master *ancilla* and *servus*'. Why, it might almost be Clough.

But if we take that phrase 'forgave the death-howls of his rival', we can see why it isn't. The historical structure of the sequence means that we are forced to take it seriously, as well as on the level of a child's brutal, self-aggrandisingly magnanimous fantasy. The same thing is true of the 'derelict sandlorry named *Albion*': the name chides us pedantically until we remember that Offa constructed Offa's Dyke, that he was 'overlord of the M5'. As the hymns progress, the structure becomes the subject and the hymns collapse under its weight: Hill's scrupulosity, his high seriousness gradually drive out the low, personal material.

Though the strict forms might make it seem a new departure after the free verse of *Mercian Hymns*, *Tenebrae* continues the trend. Broadly speaking, the poems are about Hill's passionate yet agnostic relationship to Christ. You might expect, therefore, a personal poetry of raw directness. Hill, however, has chosen to filter his dilemma through imitations of Robert Southwell's frigid religious poetry, anonymous Spanish ballads and Lope de Vega. We are back to Arnold and *Merope*. And the use of Spanish verse also marks a return to 'The Songbook of Sebastian Arrurruz' in *King Log*, described by Hill as 'the work of an apocryphal Spanish poet'. Hill also added, somewhat otiosely in my view, the warning that 'the Arrurruz poems contain no allusion to any actual person, living or dead'. Except for odd moments, no one reading the Songbook would dispute that for a minute. The woman lamented there is more than covered by Eliot's comment on Arnold's Marguerite: 'a shadowy figure, neither very passionately desired nor very closely observed, a mere pretext for lamentation.'

In 'The Pentecost Castle', Christ is equally shady, largely because Hill's method is to hitch a lift from anonymous Spanish profane poetry and one Lope de Vega lyric which he marginally improves. Given his agnosticism, the shadiness may be intentional. However, the epigraph from Yeats promises something more passionate: 'it is terrible to desire and not possess, and terrible to possess and not desire.' Promises, premises. Not even the loaded epithet, 'your lord', can transform 'Olmedo's flower' into Christ. The profane remains profane in its anonymous way.

'Lachrimae' ends with another imitation of Lope de Vega, this time a direct address to God. Even with my derisory Spanish, it is clear that Hill hasn't equalled his original. This is J. M. Cohen's translation of the final lines:

> How many times did the angel say to me: 'Now, soul, look out of your window, and you will see how lovingly he persists in knocking!' And how many times, oh supreme beauty, did I reply: 'I will open tomorrow', only to make the same reply upon the morrow.

This is Hill's version, somewhat truncated by the requirements of his sonnet:

> So many nights the angel of my house
> has fed such urgent comfort through a dream,
> whispered 'your lord is coming, he is close'
>
> that I have drowsed half-faithful for a time
> bathed in pure tones of promise and remorse:
> 'tomorrow I shall wake to welcome him.'

Hill's agenbite of inwit, his remorse of conscience, has replaced Lope de Vega's brilliant 'see how lovingly he *persists* in knocking'. For the concrete, Hill gives us the enfeebled abstract of 'pure tones of promise and remorse'.

The Jesuit martyr-poet, Robert Southwell, is a more important influence than Lope de Vega in this sequence. 'Lachrimae' takes its epigraph from Southwell's prose work *Mary Magdalens Funerall Teares*, an Ignatian spiritual exercise that finally transcends its somewhat rigid formula. Southwell's subject is the Bible's economical account of Mary Magdalen's despair at finding the tomb empty and her subsequent error when she mistakes Christ for the gardener. Southwell's purpose is to make the bare text live and, after a wordy beginning, he succeeds brilliantly. Hill, however, takes none of the exemplary immediacy of Southwell. His interest is fatally limited to the idea of Mary Magdalen as a well-known sinner lamenting for an absent God, a predicament that matches his own case:

> I cannot turn aside from what I do;
> you cannot turn away from what I am.

Christ's indwelling presence cannot be guaranteed by prayer or the rejection of sin,

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however much I pander to your name
or answer to your lords of revenue,
surrendering the joys that they condemn.

The manner is that of Southwell's poetry, with its oddly stilted English, though the content is Hill's. Those 'lords of revenue' may allude to Luke 20:25 ('Render, therefore, unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's') but that hardly saves the line from looking both archaic and periphrastic.

Perhaps it is unfair to set Southwell's vivid prose imaginings against Hill's poetry, since Hill's point is that he cannot effectively empathise with the image of the crucified Christ:

self-withdrawn even from your own device,
your trim-plugged body, wreath of rakish thorn.

All the same, the traditional diction makes for glum reading. You can't wring much blood from an already well-wrung stone. Beside the terrible sonnets of Hopkins, the fastidious angst of *Tenebrae* looks archeological, willed and impersonal in the wrong sense.

Ted Hughes is the least academic of poets, totally unfazed by the unpoetical nature of the age. In *Gaudete*, whatever its structural obscurities, his confident, unselfconscious talent simply assimilated awkward items like the W.I. and Jaguar cars – rather as if Hughes was some X-ray visionary who could see the myth throbbing under the bonnet. The common criticism of Hughes is that he is a kind of linguistic Quilp, forcing huge beakers of boiling language down the throats of his readers and wolfing down words with their shells on. Indeed, I once heard him read a poem about a cricket match which verged dangerously close to self-parody: batsmen thumped the ball beyond the furthest stars only to find it returning on elastic. By the end, the beer tent was filled with 22 charred cricketers, bent like spent matches, barely able to contemplate cheese and chutney sandwiches after their cosmic ordeal.

Occasionally in *Cave Birds* the rhetoric seems excessive but it is nevertheless a very successful book, the best since the careless brilliance of *Season Songs*. Much simpler than *Gaudete*, it is an 'alchemical drama' devoted to the single subject of death: death as an irrelevance that suddenly and sickeningly becomes relevant; death as something to be dreaded in a variety of ways; death as cosmic salvation.

As a subject, it is equal to Ted Hughes's strenuous verbal gifts. One could spend a good deal of time simply quoting: 'Mountains lazed in their smoky camp'; 'Calves' heads all dew-bristled with blood on counters'; 'a seed in its armour'. The achievement, though, isn't in the fine touches; it is in the way Hughes has taken something impossibly abstract (as death and dying must be) and made it convincingly concrete: 'And you flare, fluttering, black-out like a firework.' This is Death addressing the dying, with impeccable line-breaks:

Just as surely as you are my father
I shall deliver you
My firstborn

Into a changed, unchangeable world
Of wind and of sun, of rock and water
To cry.

Cave Birds has faults, idiosyncratic shorthand like 'a filament of incandescence', but it is a stupendous work, far better than *Crow*, from which it grew.

Alan Ryan

Civil War

The Rage of Edmund Burke by ISAAC KRAMNICK *Basic Books* £7.95

It seems both glib and grudging that the proper response to Isaac Kramnick's study of Edmund Burke is ambivalence – glib because he sub-titles his account 'Portrait of an Ambivalent Conservative', and grudging because it seems too stuffily English to blench every time American scholars apply the insights of psychohistory to the life and ideas of the greatest of English conservatives. Still, the glum truth is that *The Rage of Edmund Burke* is only patchily illuminating. It illuminates the man a little and his ideas hardly at all. This is not, however, to say that the book is either boring or silly; Burke is intrinsically such a curious figure, both personally and in the history of political thinking, that it would take quite unnatural talents to make him dull, and Professor Kramnick is much too sensible to drown Burke's ideas in torrents of psychoanalytical speculation.

On Kramnick's account of the case, Burke was not the solid conservative defender of the aristocratic establishment that the textbooks make him out to be. He was an internally torn character, a man in whose bosom the aggressive social climber struggled with the passive and deferential servant of the Whig aristocracy. This was not a mere internal hesitation about what sort of career he should attempt to make for himself, as an Irishman of humble origins in an English parliament dominated by wealthy landowners; it was a psychological civil war, with Burke swinging violently between the sycophantic mood in which he compared the Duke of Richmond to a noble oak and himself to the creeping vine, and the self-assertive mood in which he told the Duke of Bedford that the intrinsic merits of the Russells were less impressive than those of the Burkes, and that the only difference between them lay in the amount and the age of their money.

Burke was always aware that he might be criticised on grounds of inconsistency, but this was at the level of seeing the need to square his defence of the American revolution with his attack on the French revolution a dozen years later – and it is an easy enough job to reconcile them, since Burke always maintained that it was George III and his ministers who were the innovators and 'real' revolutionaries. What Burke did not much attend to was the more extraordinary inconsistency which allowed him to publish his *Letter to a Noble Lord* and his *Letters on a Regicide Peace* within a couple of years of each other. The *Letter to a Noble Lord* was written in self-defence, it is true, but although it starts from the desire of Burke to justify his receipt of a government pension after his years of service in Parliament, it defends the rights of the *arriviste* in terms which its readers declared to be pure Jacobinism. Burke was not above referring to the Russell estates as a 'landed pension', and he took evident pleasure in reminding the Duke that his forbears had acquired their wealth and position by just the means he despised in the *arrivistes* of his own day. Yet, of course, Burke's *Reflections* on the revolution had been full of praise for aristocracy, and the *Letters on a Regicide Peace* demanded a Holy War to defend Christianity and hierarchy against secular rationalism and equality. A man who defends the principle of *la carrière ouverte aux talents* while demanding a crusade against its defenders does seem to be fighting the battles of the day against himself.

The most original and interesting parts of Kramnick's account are devoted to showing what sort of internal conflict evidently raged within Burke. In particular he does a good job of showing how Burke's late adolescence and early manhood were times of extreme insecurity and emotional uncertainty. Like many boys, Burke seemed torn between the urge to emulate his tender and loving mother and the urge to follow his tougher and more acerbic father. More unusually, Burke found what he needed in his cousin Will, with whom he lived for many years, even after he married. Kramnick has used the recent volumes of Burke's correspondence to good purpose in exploring the years between 1750 and 1756, when Burke lived quite obscurely with Will – biographers usually refer to these first years of Burke's life in England as the 'missing years', and Burke himself did his damnedest to keep them obscure. The obvious interpretation that they attract is that Burke settled the question of his sexual identity by playing the feminine part opposite Will and the masculine part opposite Jane, his wife. It is at least an interesting fact, in this connection, that the only two libel suits that Burke ever brought in the course of his acrimonious public career were against newspapers which suggested that he was over-tender to homosexuality. On this foundation Kramnick speculates that Burke always identified the aristocratic principle with the feminine side of himself, the rising bourgeoisie with the aggressive masculine side of himself. The *violence* of Burke's alternations of allegiance, if not those allegiances themselves, can be seen as reactions to the unresolved tension inside himself.

But *The Rage of Edmund Burke* shares a good many of the usual ambivalences of psychohistory too. Kramnick is at pains not to belittle Burke's ideas, so that it is the imagery and the emotional temper of the work which are available for interpretation rather than the political doctrine itself. Such a line, however, is not easy to draw, and it's arguably an artificial one anyway, especially in the case of a writer like Burke, who seems to have had a sense that political rhetoric and political thinking can't be disentangled even in principle. Again, Burke is offered as a mirror of his age, with psychic conflict mirroring class conflict, without it ever being quite clear whether this is supposed to explain anything very much; are we simply being asked to see Burke as a sort of exemplary figure (and why him, rather than the equally ambivalent Rousseau?), or is there a general theory about the way social factors create or exploit psychological ones lurking in the background? Kramnick seems unwilling to commit himself in such matters; and although his story of Burke's ambivalences is engrossing enough as a report on Burke's frame of mind, it does nothing to advance the study of conservatism and not very much to advance the study even of Burke's place in the conservative tradition.

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Jonathan Keates

In the Woods

The Origins of English Individualism by ALAN MACFARLANE *Blackwell* £8.50

> Oh, if thou knewest thou English man in what wealth thou livest, and in how plentiful a Country: Thou wouldest vii times of the day fall flat on thy face before God, and give him thanks that thou wert born an English man, and not a French peasant, nor an Italian, nor German.

Thus John Aylmer, an Elizabethan cleric, exhorting fellow Englishmen to contribute towards national defence. Foreign visitors to England during the 16th century noted a similar dogged, often frankly xenophobic independence of spirit in everybody they met. Our arrogance, indolence and pugnacity seemed either the reflections or the results of an affluence which allowed us to eat meat when Italians sat down to a dish of roots or herbs, to live in houses with glazed windows and to drink wine and beer in preference to water. We were apparently obsessed with gain, continually suspicious of each other's motives and utterly heartless towards our children, besides being proud, overbearing, inconstant, rash, vainglorious and shifty.

Two hundred years later, the poetaster Ambrose Phillips, irked by the whims and vagaries of a temperamental prima donna, wrote verses urging her to 'Leave us Britons rough and free, Leave us as we ought to be'. Of course she didn't, but the concept of the freeborn Englishman, heir to certain notional rights and privileges, remains one of the 18th century's most stridently monotonous clichés. Montesquieu, visiting in 1729, thought it all quite wonderful, and compared us, with typical shrewdness, to the primitive Germans as depicted by Tacitus, crystallising the uniqueness of English politics and common law in the brilliantly suggestive 'This beautiful system was invented first in the woods'.

Continuously investigative and contentious, *The Origins of English Individualism* now attempts not only to establish some foundations but actually to start clearing away a few of the bogus historical superstructures raised in recent decades. In several respects it represents a crucial stage in its author's development as one of the liveliest and most self-critical of modern historians. Macfarlane's starkly heterodox view of our maverick Englishness has sprung from successive researches into Tudor and Stuart witchcraft, the daily life of an Essex clergyman and the organisation of a Nepalese tribe, each of them drawing him further from the traditional framework in which he began.

He opens with a wholesale rejection of the customary view of pre-Industrial England as expressed in the pages of Macaulay, Marx, Weber and Tawney, matching it with the accepted format for a modern peasant community, with its clustered families, restricted mobility, early marriages and symbolic attachment to the land. In its place he offers a society where the children, marrying late, detached themselves from their siblings, where movement into or out of the village was regular rather than exceptional, and where the transference of land holdings was conducted with an almost callous frequency.

At times Macfarlane's endlessly challenging work seems to confront more material than it can profitably digest in 200 pages. His own study of the manor of Earls Colne during the early 17th century reveals a landed estate run as a dominant commercial enterprise, rather than as merely a larger unit among peasant holdings, and this is reinforced in even more absorbing detail by his portrayal of Kirkby Lonsdale as a model consistently atypical of the sort of Third World community generally imagined as prevailing in the England of Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton. These, amid an impressive range of allusion to other demographic and anthropological sources, can only make the book appear like a toe in the water.

Trenchant, lucid and readable as he is, the author does his most masterly hatchet job on the English medievalists, with their surreptitious appeals to nostalgia in visions of village and manorial life as a folksy Arcadia wrecked by profit and Protestantism. From rent rolls, lawsuits and account books he substitutes a world of interminable litigation over divided property, of disappointed heirs, anxious parents, footloose children and households nerve-wracked with loneliness and insecurity. His evidence for the fact that medieval, Tudor and Stuart England was not the peasant Loamshire we have always taken it to be is overwhelming enough to provoke either an indignant rebuttal or, more appropriately, a longer look at the sources themselves, which he rightly castigates his fellow historians for ignoring. We ought to know it was there because the foreign visitors saw it, and they saw it because it was there.

Derek Mahon

Swordplay

The Dying Gaul and Other Writings by DAVID JONES *Faber* £8.50

To read David Jones, whether the poems ('makings', as he called them) or the discursive prose, is to enter a unique and oneiric world made up of intensely personal and idiosyncratic constituents. It's like entering a cottage beside a motorway. The cottage is thatched with theology and filled with home-made artifacts. There is a lovingly tended vegetable garden, the subsoil littered with Romano-Celtic bits and pieces. The house has a Welsh name, although the occupants speak English with a slight Cockney intonation. Traffic thunders past, louder and more voluminous as the years go by. Perhaps when the motorway, at some unforeseeable date in the future, falls into disuse, the cottage will still be there; perhaps not. Paradoxically, it will require technology (printing and photographic reproduction) to ensure its survival. Whether or not it will still be occupied is an open question. Meanwhile, life goes on.

'Occupy till I come': 'gratuitous artifacture', transcending the 'utile' and the 'transitive', in Jones's terminology, is the best we can achieve. This is not an original idea, but it is bodied forth in original forms. Its historical implications converge, in Jones's work, upon the conflict between the organisational and the organic, the abstract and the particular, the spirit of empire and the spirit of place. 'His keenest sympathies were with defeat,' says Harman Grisewood in his introduction to this posthumous collection of occasional writings, 'and with the efforts of the defeated to survive. Achilles was never a hero to David. His heart was with Hector in the dust.'

The Dying Gaul can be read as a postscript to *Epoch and Artist,* where most of Jones's main ideas are set out. There are essays 'On the Difficulties of One Writer of Welsh Affinity Whose Language is English', on René Hague's translation of *La Chanson de Roland,* on 'Welsh Culture', and on 'Use and Sign'. But the most interesting are the title essay itself, the already controversial 'Art in Relation to War', and 'An Introduction to *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*', for a limited edition of which poem Jones provided copper-plate engravings. Jones's theological exposition of Coleridge's poem is ingenious but finally unconvincing. He tries hard to prove that it all hangs together in a manner consistent with orthodox Catholic thought, but too many questions remain unresolved. He passes too blithely from one stage of the narrative to another, dwelling only on what suits his thesis, ignoring too studiously the mock-Gothic element. Coleridge was not a Catholic, and no amount of retrospective arrogation will make him one.

'Art in Relation to War', written in the 1940s, is the candid and careful testimony of an artist who had also served as a private in the trenches with the Welsh Fusiliers. There was a unit called the Artists' Rifles, to which he might have belonged with equal appropriateness. 'When we see even the shoddier sort of tommy-gun', he writes, 'we recognise some sort of functional form, some sort of valid expression, and in consequence experience some measure and some kind of "delight".' No doubt he would have admired (perhaps *did* admire, if ever he saw it in reproduction) the almost erotic weaponry of the Cuban revolutionary wall-posters of the 1960s. I don't think we can conclude from this that Jones was some kind of sanguinary gnome, enamoured of battle; yet conflict was central to his vision, and he speaks, albeit dispassionately, of 'the traditional virtue of the sword'. These are deep waters, and it's perhaps an indication of his moral courage that he should have ventured into them.

Swords figure also in the title essay, a remarkable meditation on 'a plaster cast of a Roman marble copy' of the Greek bronze erected at Pergamon, Asia Minor, in the third century BC. The westward progress of the Gauls, or Celts – mercenary soldiers of the Graeco-Roman world – is traced imaginatively down the centuries to 'a Kentish foreshore', 'the wooded defiles of Wales', and 19th-century Dublin, where the fallen warrior is re-incarnated in the drunken bricklayer Tim Finnegan, who 'fell from a ladder and broke his skull' and rose from the dead in the work of modern literature Jones admired above all others: 'It is impossible in recalling the Dying Gaul not to recall James Joyce . . . and the words of the Dublin street-ballad: "Bedad he revives! See how he rises!"' The Dying Gaul, says Jones, is not dead yet. Laid low by the sword and resurrected by the pen – a traditionally mightier weapon – he becomes here a comprehensive metaphor of life and art.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

Going Primitive

During the past fortnight of films, repeats and ritual effluvia I did notice one frame of genuine Christian repentance worth bringing to your attention. If you read this column only one week in six, you'll be bound to have noticed some reference to that *cause célèbre* of 1978, the Pizzey Affair, when Ronald Harwood allowed the doughty wife-shelterer to give full rein to her earth-mother philistinism at the expense of Defoe and Peter Porter. Millions of viewers have since been pondering how Harwood was going to repair the offence. The obvious way – invite Porter on to *Read All About It* when Mrs Pizzey's recently-published autobiography goes into paperback – will take a while to come through, though I for one confidently expect Harwood to sustain his nerve until then. In the meantime, though, he did manage to find a way of making partial amends – by including the daughter of Peter Porter (they wash their feet in soda water) in his special Christmas children's-books edition of *RAAI*. A gracious and warming gesture, and the cynical should hold back their sneers.

The same reticence needn't be accorded to *Living in the Present* (BBC-2), an epilogue to the 'creative archaeology' series *Living in the Past*, in which, you may remember, a group of volunteers spent a year living like Iron Age primitives within easy reach of BBC Bristol. That series proved mainly that if you define 'living in the Iron Age' in such a way as to include the chance of dropping out of the Iron Age at any moment, the constant availability of emergency medical assistance (who would need to develop strange gods with the Bath Ambulance service a phone call away?) and the regular presence of a TV crew, then your volunteers will be (and will behave as) not much more than a fairly austere commune of back-to-the-land fruit-and-nutters.

Living in the Present was billed as examining the culture shock involved in their return to the 20th century; predictably, the readjustment problems were minimal. As the volunteers washed the last traces of iron-age clay shampoo out of their hair in a Bath hotel, their first impressions were that hotels were hot, the atmosphere dry, and colours bright (orange is clearly the knockout hue to a primitive). A beautician hired by the BBC probed their pores and was asked, 'Do you feel, as a make-up artist, that their skins have suffered as a result of a year in the Iron Age?' – whereupon we learned that 12 months away from the kitchen sink is good for your hands, and that wood smoke gives you blackheads.

And on a less skin-deep level? Well, the thinnish girl who was willing to let her Iron Age breasts be filmed was still willing, in her Bath bath, to let her 20th-century breasts be photographed: it's called the integrity of the personality. Following their year in the wilderness, one couple have decided to stay at home at weekends and see more of each other; another couple are moving to the country. That's about it, although everyone does now value waterproof shoes much more than they did a year last April. They all expressed gladness that they'd taken part in their woad Butlins: all, that is, except for a three-foot-high philosopher and realist called 'little Pete'. Was he glad to get back to modern life? 'Yes.' Had he hated it in the settlement? 'Yes.' What, everything? 'Yes.' What did he like about being back? 'Sweeties and my bike.' And what else? 'CAKES and ICE CREAM and JELLY and SWEETS and . . . THINGS', he exulted.

Year of the Horse '78 (BBC-1) was the most humorous of the New Year roundups, and also contained a higher percentage of participants with double-barrelled names than any show I saw last year. Raymond Brooks-Ward, a cheery front-man with a mucking-out complexion and a turnip watch suspended from a monster snaffle-chain, introduced us first to Jenny Loriston-Clarke, who is our world dressage bronze medallist. Asked about her horse's preparations for the last day of the world championships, Jenny, in the strange patois of equitation, explained, 'He had two and a half hours lunging quietly' (unless she said 'lunching quietly', though I shouldn't think a horse could perform on that full a stomach). Asked about the performance of Christine Stuekel-Berger on the dressage gold medallist, Mrs Loriston-Clarke commented, 'Well, he did have three disobediences'; and the accompanying clip duly showed the winning Swiss nag dumping riotously in mid-piaffe. Was this a disobedience in itself, one needed to be told, or was it that the horse was failing to dump in correct time with its knitting-needle fetlocks?

After Jenny Loriston-Clarke we met her sister Jane Holderness-Roddam, and Raymond Brooks-Ward next introduced a pleasing sequence of Philip Battenburg-Windsor studiously steering his four-in-hand into a concrete obstacle during the World Driving Championships and pitching his passengers to the ground. A couple of quite motionless Hungarian oxen slumped in a nearby field were held accountable for this royal mishap. In an equally agreeable piece of footage, Anne Windsor-Phillips cut up rough with some rustic Badminton rails, which remained sturdily unmoved by her vigorous assault. So did the ground. One can see what motivates the riders, but what, apart from fear or masochism, can drive the horses? Their riders, naturally, see it differently, and Jenny Loriston-Clarke sweetly explained the rare qualities of her mount. 'His character, personality, his intelligence – he gets there a bit before you.'

In which case, he might not have done too badly in *The Krypton Factor* (Granada), a relentlessly silly programme which claims, by a series of five tests (mental and physical agility, intelligence, observation and general knowledge), to discover 'Britain's Super Person'. Just as the only possible function of *Mastermind* is to boost the self-esteem of women, *The Krypton Factor* can claim a similar social purpose – that of allaying male menopausal fears. A few weeks ago, in the 1978 final, a 47-year-old company director with a pulled hamstring became champion, with a 44-year-old priest nursing a back injury second, the pair of them humiliating a fully fit gardener (34) and a management consultant (29). The special New Year edition of the show, introduced by Gordon Burns (13), whose voice is currently breaking, featured four well-known British outdoorsmen. The grizzled Chris Bonington (44) gratifyingly romped home ahead of two 39-year-olds, a yachtsman and a balloonist, with the stripling Ranulph Fiennes (34) coming last. You may be able to drive a hovercraft up the Nile at that age, but it takes a bit more, as Fiennes discovered, to figure out how to reassemble a five-piece 3-D plastic jigsaw of a £-sign.

Finally, in the temporary absence of my esteemed colleague Russell Davies, here are a few things to be seasonally grumpy about: the new fashion of footballers wearing delicate gold necklaces on the park (what embellishes Sue Barker sits ill round the treetrunk neck of Willie Young); Jimmy Hill's housemaster 'hopes' for 1979 (that 'players will realise that they are having the best years of their lives'); and the bathyscopically low level of commentary from Australia on *Test Cricket* (BBC-2). 'Randall – he's got hands like octopus' gropingly ventured one sun-struck mike-man.

Radio

Peter Porter

Seeing Stars

I selected one of the BBC's own comments as the keynote of the year in radio. The wavelength changes, the Corporation claimed, have led to an increase in listenership and not to any audience loss. This is certainly one way of putting a brave face on the fact that it is impossible, even in London, to get Radio 3 in the evening on medium wave without severe interference. Radio 3's fading signal is just one of the difficulties listeners are encountering and which they are complaining to the BBC about, as well as chronicling in the *Guardian* and other papers. The truth is that the reallocation of wavelengths is an 'accounting' manoeuvre: Radio 3 has the smallest number of regular listeners, so it gets the weakest place on the band. Let them all buy VHF! Serious broadcasting has been served notice that it must not expect its old share of the cash and the priorities. Radios 1 and 2 can be heard loudly and clearly throughout the land, and we should all rejoice. Such is the BBC's message to its serious listeners for 1979.

It has been a good year for God on the air – at least in exposure and prominence. He

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might feel that He had only a walk-on part in Dr Edward Norman's *Reith Lectures* (Radios 3 and 4), since that good theologian was more interested in demonstrating the lack of Christ in his fellow-clergy than in finding God a place in the contemporary world. But, being in the business of communication, God must have enjoyed the slightly sulphurous tone of controversy in Dr Norman's lectures. It is many years since the *Reith Lectures* have been waited for so keenly each week, or since once-rebuked sinners stayed on so readily for a second helping of lofty Cambridge odium. I am glad that Dr Norman was so severe with us and congratulate him on his broadcasting voice, but I did not find his arguments as convincing as his assurance – an issuer of homilies should not permit himself to sound so smug.

It is perhaps too long after the event to go over the burden of his case, but one personal reaction may be in order. The politicising of Jesus is surely no new thing, and aren't Dr Norman's own Thomist preferences historically comfortable interpretations of Christ, given his temperament and his Cambridge seat? In the last century, all public controversy was conducted as vehemently as was Dr Norman's polemic: people were tougher and said harder things about each other. This year's *Reith Lectures* practically gave themselves combat medals – look how I flout liberal canting, they seemed to say. Dr Norman must have known that his brimstone was just theatre, and that no Bishop was going to burn him. But he persisted, and fearlessness became self-congratulation.

One good deed of programming I must not allow to pass unnoticed was *Sons of the Star* (Radio 3), the perfect answer to *Holocaust's* Americanising of the extinction of the Warsaw ghetto. Written and compiled by Keith Darvill, it told the story of the uprising of 1943 in language which alternated the horror of reality with the inspiration of courage. Here were the supine Judenrat, the Jewish nightclubs frequented by boulevardier Nazi officers, a Jewish undertaker, known as the King of the Dead, always opening new funeral parlours, and the trains for Treblinka leaving from the Umschlagplatz. It may seem an obscenity to praise the programme's brilliant use of words, but I see no reason why truth should not be eloquent. It was bemusing to sit in one's kitchen in front of the transistor and hear an actor assure a group of children that they were going for a trip into the country – via the trains of the Umschlagplatz. The jokes were good and hurtful. 'The street,' we were told, 'looks like Hollywood – everywhere you look, you see a star'. A wonderful piece of radio, altogether. There was a very large cast, excellently controlled by the director, Maurice Leitch.

Art shone badly against this reality in the opinionated songs of Brecht and Wedekind – Radio 3's *The Two Hangmen*, chosen and translated by Peter Barnes, with music by Brecht's contemporaries and by Carl Davis. Wedekind is an impressive playwright, but none of his songs amounted to much, and his sententious ballads of disaster and bourgeois despair were too crude to be affecting. How the Germans imposed this clumsy provincial stuff on the rest of the world as political satire continues to amaze me. Still, Wedekind is a lot better than Brecht, whose songs had no qualities at all. The only person to emerge with his reputation intact from this encounter was Carl Davis, who continues to find redeeming music for all sorts of words in all sorts of circumstances.

Everyone agrees that 1978 was not one of the great years for radio comedy. Where are the innovatory programmes? Who allowed fine actors to die in such series as *The Spamfritterman*, *Would the Last Business Man? Share and Share Alike* and *The 27 Year Itch*? The year did go out well, though, with an hour of anarchy on Christmas Day entitled *Black Cinderella Two Goes East* (Radio 2). Plenty of familiar performers took part, with the obligatory cult of personality assuming the shape of John Pardoe MP playing himself (at least I assume he did. Everyone else, including John Cleese, Bill Oddie and Peter Cook went out of his way to epitomise himself. We love them because we recognise them is the assumption). But the jokes were not bad and the pace was hot, with Bill Oddie in overdrive, ringing a bell like Lord Hailsham at the seaside.

What one takes away from shows like this is a sense of having been translated, like Bottom, and of having nothing left afterwards but a handful of fast-fading cracks. The only one which even blinks out at me from my notes is an old favourite – a major-domo announcing the arrival at the ball of Mr and Mrs Calcutta and their negroid Norwegian son, Black Olof Calcutta. I suppose the moral is – don't make notes when listening to radio comedy shows.

I have made some resolutions for the New Year: to listen to Capital at some hour other than breakfast time; to listen to LBC at all; to persist with *Midweek* (Radio 4) despite its absurd 'criticising the critics' spot and Angela Rippon's fondness for resounding clichés; to try *Round Midnight* on Radio 2; in general to listen like a methodical monitor or a *Which?* panelist and not simply to tune in to the sort of programme I know I like. I have even resolved not to make gloomy prophecies about the future of serious broadcasting or to refer to the BBC's money crisis oftener than once a month. Perhaps I shall keep one or two of them.

This English

Will 'distastefully' go the way of 'hopefully'? Yes, if Londoner's Diary has anything to do with it (several other voguish illiteracies, I note, are championed by this column). We follow with another misuse, three near homophones, and another whopper from the pen of the *Telegraph* headline writer. Who is this guy? £3 for the first entry, £2 for the others printed. Entries on a postcard.

☐ But over here, not even Harrods or Fortnum and Mason condescended to stock it: 'We wouldn't have anything like that,' said one official distastefully. **Londoner's Diary** *Evening Standard* (David Stride)

☐ The Bishop of Southwark said commuters had been faced with 'unexpected unpleasantries' when railmen worked to rule . . . *Financial Times* (Wade Gibson-Knight)

☐ The house was perceptively thinner after the interval on the first night. **Eric Shorter** *Daily Telegraph* (Keith Norman)

☐ One explanation was that Lever's delivery might have struck roughage caused by bowlers' footmarks. **Paul Fitzpatrick** *Guardian* (Peter Main and Jane Ellis)

☐ The depths of Burke's thesis and programme-style are plundered in this last programme. **Carl Gardner** *Time Out* (Debby Kanaber)

☐ Zoo Bill 'Disaster' Says Vets **Headline** *Daily Telegraph* (Keith Cuninghame)

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Back at the Raunch

Saratoga *Aldwych*
Canterbury Tales *Young Vic*
Zastrozzi *King's Head*
Peter Pan *Shaftesbury*
Troubador *Cambridge*

Yuletide is archaeology time at the RSC, the season when we've come to expect Mr Nunn and his fellow-moles to unearth a *Sherlock Holmes* or a *Wild Oats* or perhaps even a *London Assurance*. The tradition, if that isn't too grand a word for so festive an event, is to revive one of the better plays by one of the world's lesser dramatists, categories that clearly fit both Bronson Howard and his *Saratoga*, which was first imported from America a century ago, rechristened *Brighton*, and presented with striking success at Court, Criterion, Wyndhams and New. It's the tale of a susceptible blood who falls more or less simultaneously in love with four young women, most of whom prove far friskier and more forthright than English innocents of the time were expected to be. Indeed, if Ronald Eyre's ebullient production is to be believed, the transatlantic Angel in the House was capable of thumping her man, twisting his nose, and even wrestling him to the floor. The Victorians must have found the play's frank good humour disarming and refreshing – and so, too, will modern students of its droopy period. They should also be amused by Howard's sly pokes at the English fortune-hunter, here represented by a courtly twit named Sir Mortimer Mutton-Legge, and intrigued, if nothing more, by the negro waiters who demand payment in advance, refuse crumpled money, and generally insist on 'a proper respect for the coloured gentility'.

Here we presumably have the uppity black, his head still swollen by recent emancipation: a simple absurdity to Howard, but something rather more to Mr Eyre. He gives his three waiters great emphasis, because he brings them to the front of the proscenium between scenes and sets them dancing and singing vaudeville numbers about their lives and lots. The audience was delighted, as well it might have been. It was also, most of it, much amused by the Southern accents of a cute *ménage à trois* named Carter, at least one of whom could not steer her way to the end of the word 'man' without splintering it into a multisyllabic neigh, 'my-a-ee-an'. And yet,

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paradoxically enough, its very enthusiasm suggested that something was amiss, perhaps that *Saratoga* is more for the student and archivist than for the pleasure-hunting mean. After all, everything cannot be absolutely well if an audience responds more strongly to the director's glosses and interpolations than to the play itself, especially when the author has been at pains to pack it with farcical pretences, discoveries and embarrassments. Even the final scene, in which the hero's pad gradually fills with would-be duellists, while the women they're avenging hide guiltily in adjoining bedrooms, doesn't generate the laughter that must have been predicted.

Why, or (rather) why not? I have a lurking fear that the trouble may be incurable, the inevitable result of a plot that, having four love-objects for its protagonist to woo and evade, tends to repeat its comic confrontations up to four times each; but it is still the season of goodwill, so let me end with a more optimistic theory. The cast was ably enough led by Dennis Waterman, Polly James and Cheri Lunghi, playing scrawny heart-throb, feisty virgin and married Delta belle respectively, but it clearly lacked assurance on opening night. And the audience needed rather fewer critics and unoiled bigwigs, rather more hedonists and soaks. Give the play both and, you never know, it might justify its choice as the RSC's winter warmer.

The Canterbury Tales is actually Knight's, Reeve's, Wife of Bath's, Miller's and, oddly, the fragmentary Cook's, each somewhat randomly translated and updated –

> That bloody milkman's always late
> I think I'll change to Unigate –

and most of them played in the extrovert, jocular style we've come to equate with the Young Vic. The evening is given its semblance of unity by the pretence that we in the audience are judging the best entry for the 'Geoffrey Chaucer Memorial Trophy', a short-story competition from which the Miller has been barred, being too foul-minded. This medieval smut-king then proceeds to recite raunchy jokes, cuddle the women in the stalls, and generally inveigle us into protesting against his exclusion, which of course we do, to the fake horror of the master of ceremonies, who for some reason is a vicar. Eventually, inevitably, we get the celebrated tale of the scholar Nicholas, who defends his young mistress's honour by sticking his rear-end out of the window and letting fly what Chaucer calls 'a fart as greet as it had been a thonder-dent'. There's a kind of neo-Lawrentian puritanism in me that insists on reminding Michael Bogdanov and his cast that modern dirty-mindedness is a very different commodity from Chaucerian 'harlotrie', which always expresses a tonic delight in sex; but I must admit that most of the time their exuberance is considerable and catching. You never know, they might even send the teenage mites out front back to their desks with a new enthusiasm for their set books.

Briefly, *Zastrozzi* is an arresting but often puzzling piece about a vengeful fatalist whose missions are, first, to destroy a dizzy, half-baked optimist, second, to display the mental and philosophic agility of his author, a Canadian named George F. Walker. The Wakefield Tricycle Company perform it in the appropriate style, which is spoof-melodramatic, witty-solemn. Jane Asher, cool and astringent, is this year's menthol-tinted *Pan*, Nigel Patrick a Hook with swaggering, squadron-leader vowels but not quite enough menace. And surely, surely it is time that the over-decorative 'Robert Helpmann production', as the programme describes it year after year, was shunted back to the think-tank. As for *Troubador* – well, how often have you heard an orchestra, itself barely outnumbered by the audience, applauding the arrival of its own conductor? A kind of game desperation marks the actors, too, as they try to inject feeling and fun into the hump-backed dialogue, gasping lyrics, and overgrown, weed-covered plot. The hero is a surly, charmless puritan who, quite inexplicably, seeks a career as a love-minstrel. He stops Richard I chopping up Saracen women and children ('now you see what you've done') and lands up in bed with his lady-employer, doing his duty by 'that opening to heaven that is meant for men'. Kim Braden, owner of the opening, deserves a George Medal and bar. Plain George Medals for everyone else, leaving the bar free for the audience, which needs it.

Films

John Coleman

Janus Faced

Ernst Lubitsch *National Film Theatre, to 31 January*
Jaws 2 (A) *Empire and selected releases*
Every Which Way But Loose (AA) *Scene; Warner West End; Classic, Oxford Street*
Dear Inspector (A) *Curzon*
The Scenic Route *Scala, Tottenham Street*

One thing you are to be spared this New Year: last year's best. Until a late run towards the end of 1978, there was every chance of the worst 50 of all time, a Dishonours List, heading this column. But let us, rather, think happy and turn to a pretty comprehensive retrospective of the supremely professional, beguiling, naughty but nice Mr Lubitsch (1892-1947), who rose from playing pre-Nazi Yiddish clowns in Germany to teaching Hollywood lessons about sex and money, skimming the surface of innuendo and coming up laughing. Billy Wilder, another teutonic import, not given to hyperbole, wrote – 20 years after Lubitsch's death – 'His art is lost. That most elegant of screen magicians took his secret with him.' The NFT season, currently broached, should give Londoners, at least, a chance to read the riddle.

Mary Pickford, way back, half-dismissed him as 'a director of doors'; and doors he certainly used, to tremendous effect. There was an eavesdropping side to his natural talent or genius, a thoroughly calculated bedroom reticence that spoke little, smuggled volumes, continental-style, to sexually wary America: Zasu Pitts a-quiver outside as within a room Jeanette MacDonald (in *Monte Carlo*, 1930) emits pleased noises as Jack Buchanan simply massages her neck; sounds of a lady and her lover rowing through a closed door at the beginning of *The Love Parade* (1929); and, on the brasher side, the many portals Laughton profaned on his triumphal progress towards the greatest raspberry in cinema history, delivered to his boss in the Lubitsch episode in *If I Had a Million*. But this mastery of doormanship – and examples of it can be multiplied, as is proved in Herman G. Weinberg's *The Lubitsch Touch*, an informed chat-show of high quality and highly recommended as an accompaniment to the season – is more a matter of knowing, to the split-second, about exits and entrances.

Lubitsch seems to have learnt, after a fairly dour and seamy German apprenticeship, a great sense of what you could get away with. For instance, one of my favourite films of his is a late one, *To Be or Not to Be* (1942), a truly black comedy set in German-occupied Poland with Jack Benny and Carole Lombard – her final appearance on celluloid – as itinerant players sending up the hun. This is a walk on the Wilder side, and how. I tried to get it shown a long time ago at the NFT as part of a Critic's Choice event: they couldn't find a copy then, to my regret, (but have now found one) and also to my sorrow John Gillett, whose NFT booklet notes should be read for their enthusiasm and perception, has failed to find copies of *Kiss Me Again* and *The Patriot*. 'Lost films,' he says, but Weinberg goes on, enticingly, about them at some length. This is not to detract from what promises to be the most engaging show in town this month. Lubitsch, who tamed – in his teasing way – almost everything that came within his bailiwick, never entirely bothered to get a grip on English: 'hilahrious,' says Weinberg, was a pet epithet of his. And his finest movies are just that: comedies of a new order, for the time. *Forbidden Paradise* (1924) even got Paul Rotha's accolade. And there are, of course, *Trouble in Paradise* and *Ninotchka* and the unwarrantably charming *The Shop Around the Corner*, with Jimmy Stewart as a timid salesman in a store in Budapest. Pola Negri found her feat, or fate (which was to be something more than a dumb vamp), with Lubitsch. Much as he admired Chaplin's *A Woman of Paris*, Lubitsch had done a dry run for it in some home-ground marital material before he left for the States. He surrounded himself with good writers, designers, composers. His heritage was a weird mélange of Max Reinhardt, Berlin music-halls, the gamy decadence of a slumped Germany. His legacy was an opening of doors: to the aforementioned Mr Wilder; to a seamless, pre-planned but flexible style of shooting; to the Europeanisation of the good old USA.

It would be genial here to beckon in 1979 with relish. Unfortunately, I have to report a gross misdemeanour perpetrated on my Xmas column. Some wag, no doubt drunkenly strayed down from the infamous penthouse that is bed and bored to our unflagging team of competition sophisticates, saw fit to insert a bit of a parody of yours truly, last sentence but one. For those with any memory left after the festive break, we (the moment seems right for a certain regality of anger) did *not* like *Jaws 2*: briefly, we were neither much entertained nor amused. Adherents of the ur-*Jaws* may recall Roy Scheider played Brody, police chief of the small summer resort of Amity, and had a bad time with a killer shark. Memories must be short, either in Amity or Equity or whatever, because the sequel has Mr Scheider again as Brody, again (rightly) worried about a killer shark, again burdened with the same evil mayor (Murray Hamilton – hiss) and the

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same tedious wife (Lorraine Gary). Only, everyone except Brody would appear to have forgotten what happened last time round. This includes John Williams, who wrote that lovely, eerie thrum when fins menaced before and has for this limp occasion come up with something a lot less. The result is jaws cracking with boredom; spotty and pretty teenagers sailing head-on into evident danger; an electrical, though this side electric, finale. My sympathies were strictly with the shark.

The most puzzling question about *Every Which Way But Loose*, directed in a manner befitting a name available to cheap puns by James Fargo, is – what the hell does the title *mean*? Luck against me, I stayed slumberless for the whole thing, which has Clint Eastwood as Philo, 'a goodnatured trucker with a working man's taste for cold beer and country music' (synopsis), in yet another of those soi-disant American road comedies. Philo has lethal fists, a Sumatran ape as close buddy – IQ-wise, the ape steals the show – and, punctuated as it is with the ridiculous music of Philo's super or sub-human hands hitting people flat (comic bad bike gang, comic cops), needs no more words from this quarter, says our lawyer. Philippe de Broca, a while ago, was a French director some of us had hopes of: *Dear Inspector* – wilfully misusing delightful Annie Girardot and Philippe Noiret in a nonsense about a lady police inspector and a food-inclined professor of Greek – fights for charm, scattiness, and loses steadily. Meanwhile, at the brave Scala, there is *The Scenic Route*. We caught this at the London Film Festival and felt our arteries hardening. Others have liked it.

Robert Conquest

After Writing an Obituary

Of course he's here. It's just his sort of party.
I think I hear him in the other room.
I'll wait until I've crawled clear of his doom.

Paralysed by a spider, wrapped in web-silk
Spun to contain the stung, the nearly dead,
His life seems just some clenching in my head.

A closed compaction to the sort of essay
About the famous dead one had to write
When one was still an undergraduate.

– In his case well deserved: the poise, the spacing.
Fame now? Mine were no more than instant glyphs
Of death-called lightning, not the deep-carved cliffs

With their inscriptions rich in fuller praises
From integrating centuries – and yet in a
Fulgurous flash one stamps the retina!

'To no one shall we sell, deny' – our Magna
Carta runs: and then it adds '*delay* –
Justice'. Must he, beyond his dying day,

Find court after court, appeal after appeal?
Each century may overturn the rest.
– To hell with them! My verdict stands as best.

Another, older friend (of cooler talent),
Once told me that he didn't in the least
Mind dying. Even lives that missed their feast

– Made do on skimpy rations of work, women,
Laughter, travel, suffering, drink – unload
In a half-reluctant 'one more for the road . . .'

With him? One hardly knows. His writings conjure
Old melancholies, shaded to acceptance
With such a power as may refute their sense.

He walks towards us with a mug of Irish.
A dead man walking? Well, but aren't we all?
My typewriter's not killed him past recall.

To grasp him fully? We commune in demotic.
After such flickering talk I have to try
To find the idiom of eternity:

'I never read such balls as Balbus' latest.
I'm a bit pissed . . . Christ, look! Those tits, that bum!
– The nail of some colossal statue's thumb?

Music

Andrew Clements

Anton's Death

Anton von Webern: A Chronicle of his Life and Work by HANS MOLDENHAUER *Gollancz* £20
Webern/Schubert *South Bank: further concerts 5, 13, 17 January*
Webern: Complete Works, Vol. 1 *CBS* £14.99

Webern's reputation peaked in the mid-Fifties. The decade after his death saw him established as the patron saint of the post-war avant garde, the medium through which Schoenberg's 12-note technique became an essential tool of modernism for succeeding generations. The development of total serialism was an attempt to carry through the implications of the techniques of Webern's late works, and Stravinsky's simultaneous adoption of a personal brand of serialism was a result of studying his work rather than Schoenberg's. The complete works were recorded (they fit very comfortably on to four discs) and every note was subjected to exhaustive analysis.

Since that spasm of attention Webern has become the least performed of the Second Viennese School. Lip-service is still paid to his crucial importance in the development of 20th-century music (though the ultimate sterility of total serialism has tarnished even that claim in some quarters) but his works have never made the leap from those of a significant historical figure to established master, as Alban Berg and Schoenberg have at least promised to do. To the ears of the musical public he lacks the redeeming features of both his compatriots. Berg's theatrical sense and old-fashioned lyricism allow him a place in the operatic tradition that was to be continued in Britten; Schoenberg started from wholesome Brahmsian roots and eventually retreated into a sort of wrong-note classicism. From his earliest mature pieces Webern was essentially a radical, yet a radical of unusual cast, who as late as 1942 could tell a student that 'sometime in the future even the postman will whistle my melodies!'

This dichotomy between the man and the composer runs throughout Webern's life and work. In his music it's perhaps most apparent in the later vocal pieces where the tightly organised, pithy musical paragraphs jar uncomfortably with the naïve, sometimes sentimental poems by Hildegard Jone which he increasingly set in his final phase. But the character of the man himself has never been well documented, perhaps overshadowed in historical accounts by his more glamorous colleagues – Schoenberg autocratic and paranoid, Berg highly strung and hypersensitive. Even the circumstances of his death in 1945 – shot by a GI of the occupation forces when he left his house for a smoke – were suppressed for 15 years.

Hans Moldenhauer's book began as an attempt to clear up the mystery of the shooting; in the Sixties it gathered further momentum from his discoveries of a host of unsuspected manuscripts of early works,

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sketchbooks and fragments which practically doubled the extent of Webern's known compositions. This massive *Chronicle* is thus Moldenhauer's definitive exposition of his 20 years of research, but if anything the wealth of new information only compounds the contradictions. Here the composer appears as a true child of nature, at his most content when in the countryside. Descriptions of mountaineering trips, the alpine flora and the changing seasons fill the letters that Moldenhauer quotes; when the Second War curbed Webern's mobility he turned to gardening. And it seems that Webern's love of nature spilt over into his compositions. Alongside the classic expressionist texts on which he cut his artistic teeth – the poems of Stefan George, Rilke and Trakl, the plays of Maeterlinck and Wedekind – he read the New England transcendentalists, particularly Thoreau, and the Austrian philosopher Peter Rosegger. Even the 12-note technique he saw as a musical manifestation of Goethe's *Urpflanze*, the 'primeval plant' from which the entire organism could be derived, and it's astonishing to discover that the Saxophone Quartet Op. 22, one of his most cerebral 12-note works, began as a multi-movement concerto with an explicit programme more pantheist than the *Pastoral* Symphony.

Moldenhauer does not attempt to explain away these contradictions but concentrates instead on welding all his facts into a readable narrative. In this he's generally successful. Occasionally his tact becomes prim – 'their intimate relationship had led to consequences which would make marriage mandatory' – but his only significant biographical failure seems to me to be his explanation of Webern's tolerance of the Nazis. To view this as yet another example of the composer's naïve optimism, as he does, is surely an oversimplification; the fate of Webern's many Jewish friends (including Schoenberg) must have made the matter far more complex.

The publication of Moldenhauer's book has been timed to coincide with the London Sinfonietta's Schubert and Webern series. (A limited edition of the book serves as programme for the concerts.) It's the Sinfonietta's most ambitious venture since the Schoenberg-Gerhard series in 1973; the plan is to perform the whole of the Webern canon and a selection of unusual pieces. However grateful one is to hear any of Webern's music in first-class performances, there remains the nagging feeling that some of his juvenilia would better remain unperformed. The composer must be spinning in his grave at the thought of a piece like *Siegfrieds Schwert* getting an airing. But it was useful to hear the tiny *Kinderstuck* for piano, his first attempt at orthodox 12-note composition, the Orchestral Studies on a Ground, preparatory studies for the Passacaglia Op. 1, and the miscellaneous orchestral pieces omitted from the sets Op. 6 and Op. 10.

The first volume of the CBS Complete Webern edition *does* confine itself to the works with opus numbers, from the Passacaglia to the Second Cantata Op. 31, together with two of Webern's arrangements. Recording the whole of Webern has long been Pierre Boulez's most cherished recording project and it's taken nearly a dozen years to come to fruition. Some of the recordings date from the late Sixties and sound a bit dated, but the quality of the performances makes such shortcomings irrelevant.

Opera

Peter Conrad

Earthlings

The Marriage of Figaro *Coliseum*
The Adventures of Mr Broucek *Coliseum*

Wagner, differentiating the characters of Beaumarchais' *Le Mariage de Figaro* from those of Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*, remarked that 'in the play they are like beetles, struggling laboriously on the ground, in the opera they are butterflies playing in the air'. Jonathan Miller's new production of the opera does its best to keep the characters anxiously earth-bound. Boxed in a wilderness of parquet, exposed to a disconsolate wintry light, staring in distressed pensiveness at empty walls of mirrors, they have no leisure to play or flutter, but are set by Miller to negotiate a labyrinth of logical conundrums.

The dexterity of the intrigue intellectualises the action. To save themselves, characters must think on their feet, adducing motives and fabricating alibis. Lies in Miller's production are daring intellectual improvisations, rearrangements of the past. Figaro wins because in the second act he proves himself the most resourceful and audacious liar, and because in the third act he has the extra temerity to dare the Count to disbelieve him. The others, like the flustered Countess explaining the noise in the closet or Cherubino cowering in the chair, try to apologise for an incriminating truth; but Figaro alters that truth after the event by the rapid-fire succession of his mendacities.

Miller the relentless didact has made this an opera less about the varieties of sexual appetite than about the varieties of knowledge. 'Now I understand it all,' the Count declares when he uncovers Cherubino in Susannah's room. But he assumes that knowledge is the control of appearances and the accumulation of evidence (acquired for the most part by espionage), whereas Figaro understands knowledge to be the control of reasons and causes. The Count is patiently but uselessly inductive, while Figaro is riskily inventive. Even Basilio is mentally subtler than the Count. His scandal-mongering exposed, he excuses it pseudo-scientifically, as mere conjecture.

Reducing his characters to reliance on their wits, Miller has denuded them of the usual clichés. Basilio for once has the courage of his dirty-mindedness. Instead of the conventional ratty grotesque, he is an acute investigator of the weaknesses of others, scurrilously badmouthing one character in order to probe the reactions of another, and steering Susannah towards the chair which he knows conceals Cherubino. Susannah herself is not pert but worried, and Cherubino not an agitated putto but a gawky, morose adolescent. Even the abstractly plangent Countess is supplied with an objective correlative for her grief by being presented as a solicitous mother, not only a self-pitying abandoned wife.

There are no airborne butterflies in Miller's *Figaro*, but Wagner's beetle with extraterrestrial ambitions is the hero of Janacek's *Adventures of Mr Broucek*, also newly produced at the Coliseum. Broucek's name means beetle, and his adventures take him to the moon. He dislikes the moon because life there is too bodilessly ethereal, and dislikes the chivalric past which he visits on his second excursion because he is too timid an Earthling to satisfy its compulsory patriotism. On the moon, you aren't allowed to eat: the lunar aesthetes recoil aghast from the vulgarity of a sausage. In the past, Broucek discovers, you are at least permitted to drink, but only to fuel yourself for combat: boozers, say the Hussites, are the best warriors. Broucek spends the first act above the Earth, the second beneath it, tunnelling into the past under the Prague castle walls. But at last he reconciles himself to inhabiting the imperfect Earth, preferring his own craven, corporeal humanity to the idyllic disembodiment of the moon-people and the ideological fanaticism of the Hussites.

Colin Graham's unsightly production, which opportunistically sells the work as a Christmas panto, presumes that Janacek is pillorying Broucek. Actually the music defends him. He is a Falstaff for whom the better part of valour consists in the preservation and indulgence of the flesh. On the moon, olfactory refinements have replaced the gross pleasures of food and sex; in the past, the hapless body is forfeit to political squabbles. Broucek's sly consumption of his sausage and his prudent retreat from the fight are acts of heroic truculence, defiant declarations that comic humanity is good enough for him. A statue of his creator, the novelist Cech, rebukes him, lamenting that it was necessary to invent so ignominious a character in order to demonstrate the failure of Czech patriotic zeal. But musically Broucek has his revenge: the chuckling, yearning, grandiose score dignifies his crass vitality, not the aloof paralysis of Cech.

Broucek's lack of imagination is a virtue he shares with Janacek's heroines. Conventionality is Jenufa's salvation. The tragic option of death is easy; to survive and to forgive, as she does, is much more difficult. Katya Kabanova's moral superiority is also dependent on her provincial conventionality. She hasn't the imagination to exult in a tragic self-confrontation, and frets to repress her errant individuality, begging Tichen to swear her to fidelity, pleading with herself to throw away the prohibited key, bludgeoned by bad weather into confessing her lapse. Broucek is not a squalid gull, but a comic avatar of Jenufa and Katya, proud of his humble human limitations. Charles Mackerras conducts thrillingly, and Gregory Dempsey as Broucek sings boldly; but, betrayed by a foolish production which has missed the point of the work, their efforts are unavailing.

Weekend Competition

No 2547 **Set by Al Vaporetto**

In the last issue of the NS Gavin Ewart said he would 'be very glad to hear' from anyone who could get beyond the second line of a limerick beginning 'There was a young lady of Ulva'. We should too: by January 19.

Result of No 2544 **Set by B. Mooring**

We asked for examples of wise-sounding but meaningless proverbs.

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Report — by Fatboy

Whenever there good comp be, be no need to hear from me. One pound per gnome.

'Is' today is 'was' tomorrow.
Who walks alone goes forth in single file.
HENRY PEARSALL

Wise fish are never thirsty.
A lost article is always in the last place we look.
A. M. SAYERS

Where you cannot walk at high tide, you cannot swim at low.
The ant does not fear the octopus.
W. J. WEBSTER

Age will come to those who wait. JANET KELLY

The can-opener only goes round the can once.
KEITH GRAHAM

Two prongs do not make a knife.
WAYNE SIDESADDLE

Late trains come in very close to the platform.
BILL GREENWELL

In the City of the Bald barbers are beggars.
T. GRIFFITHS

Your elbow's near your mouth, but you can't suck it. R. ROSSETTI

A big pan makes shallow soup. DAVID LEWIS

Even the tiniest puddle turns Heaven upside-down.
GINA BERKELEY

A banana has a skin but no bones.
Black yaks pay no tax. MAUD GRACECHURCH

There is no second-class post in heaven.
MARTIN FAGG

Walking on stilts is no compensation for a wooden leg. IAN KELSO

An owl in a sack troubles no man.
DAVID MORGAN

You can always bend down and pick nothing up.
It's a wide road without a pavement. ROY KELLY

Hedges keep people out: fences keep them in.
LAURENCE FOWLER

A coal that is not dug heats no hearth.
M. TAYLOR

What shall it profit a man if he peel an apple in one unbroken spiral? RICHARD LLEWELLYN

A hungry camel sinks less deeply into the sand.
V. F. CORLEONE

He who wields the can-opener also carries the can.
JAMES CLAYTON

Empty vessels carry no cargo. ROBERT SAVOY

Umbrellas do not pray for rain. P. W. R. FOOT

Tony Miles

Chess

No 114 **W-European Zonal Tournament**

Now that the Karpov-Korchnoy match is over the World Championship cycle returns to square one to find the next challenger to Karpov's throne. The West-European zonal tournament was held recently in Amsterdam and, with only two players to go forward to the Interzonal, the competition was fierce. Once the early challenges from Sanz (Spain) and the British champion Jon Speelman had faded away, the leading group of Timman and Sosonko (Holland) and Stean and myself (England) opened up a large lead over the rest of the field. After nine rounds I was sharing first place with Timman, half a point ahead of the other two. Being due to play two tailenders I had some hopes of consolidating my position. I duly won my two games, but to my great annoyance not one of my rivals had dropped so much as half a point. Thus the situation remained right up to the last round. Then Stean crushed Langeweg quickly, but Sosonko was held by Speelman. So Timman and I were left to beat Rivas and Sanz respectively. Both games were hard fought but gradually both Spaniards cracked, and in an amusing finale both lost on time within moments of each other. The final scores were Timman and Miles 11½/14, Stean 11, Sosonko 10½, Speelman 9, with Langeweg 7½ heading the rest of the pack.

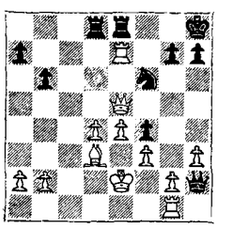
Although I had the distinction of being the only unbeaten player in the tournament, not everything went completely according to plan. My first-round game was a real nightmare:

White: A. J. Miles **Black: J. M. Bellon**

1.P-Q4, N-KB3; 2.N-KB3, P-Q4; 3.P-B4, PxP; 4.P-K3, QN-Q2; 5.BxP, N-N3; 6.B-K2, B-B4; 7.N-B3, P-K3; 8.N-KR4, B-N3; 9.NxB, RPxN; 10.P-K4, B-N5; 11.Q-Q3, P-B4!? Now I had a long think over whether to play 12. B-K3 or 12. P-QR3 and, of course, made the wrong decision – **12.P-QR3?** 12.B-K3 was very good for White. **12. . . . BxNch 13.PxB, PxP; 14.PxP, Q-B2!** Here I spent some time pondering whether 15.P-N3 or 15.P-R3 was more accurate. **15.P-N3?** 15.P-K5 (unclear) was essential. Even now I was merrily planning all sorts of nasty things with my bishops when suddenly there came **15. . . .NxP!** Gradually I rubbed my eyes and woke up. Not only had I lost a pawn (16.QxN? Q-B6ch), but Black's Ns now had excellent central posts, White was undeveloped and his king stuck in the centre. On the other hand, at least I now knew what was happening. **16.B-B3, N-Q3; 17.B-B4, N-Q4; 18.B-K5.** Even here it took some time for me to notice 18. KBxN? Q-R4ch. **18. . . .Q-R4ch; 19.K-B1, N-B4; 20.R-B1!** Not 20. P-N4, N-R5; 21.BxP, N-B5! Now Black should just castle with a clear advantage. (If 20. . . .P-B3; 21.P-N4! – unclear.) **20. . . P-N3? 21.P-N4, N-R5; 22.BxP, R-R2; 23.B-K5, NxB; 24.QxN, R-Q1; 25.K-N2, P-B3; 26.B-N3, R-K2; 27.P-KR4!** Now the initiative had changed hands and it was the Black king that was uncomfortable. **27. . . .P-B4; 28.P-R5! BPxP.** . . .P-KN4 was the best chance. **29.QxP, PxP; 30.QxPch, K-Q2; 31.Q-K5! R-KN1.** Or . . . QxP; 32.R-B7ch wins. **32.Q-Q6ch, K-K1; 33.R-B8ch, K-B2; 34.RxR, KxR; 35. Q-Q8ch, K-N2; 36.B-K5ch, K-N3; 37.Q-N8ch, K-B4; 38.R-R5ch Resigns.** On . . .K-K5; 39.Q-N6 is mate.

Problem 114

White to play. What result and why? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 17 January.

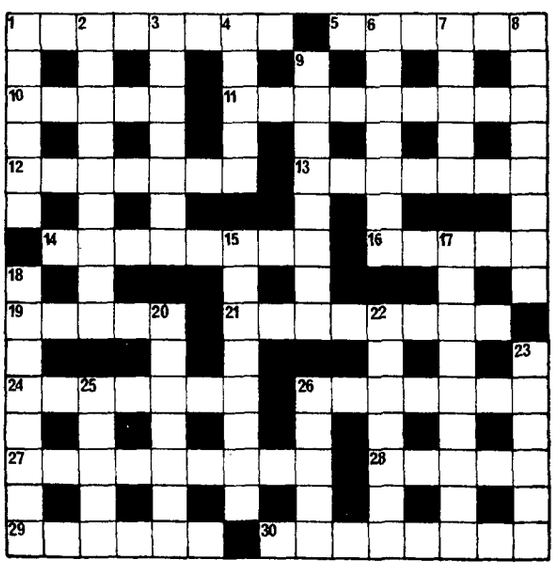


Solution to Problem 109 (incorrect solution given in issue of 8 December)
1 . . . BxP! 2.RxB, P-R6; 3.R-QR2, P-B6 wins.

Solution to Problem 112
1.R-B3! QxR (1 . . .B-B4; 2.P-R4! wins) 2.Q-N7ch, K-R4; 3.QxBch! PxQ; 4.R-R8 mate.

Weekend Crossword 1288

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1288, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 16 January.



ACROSS

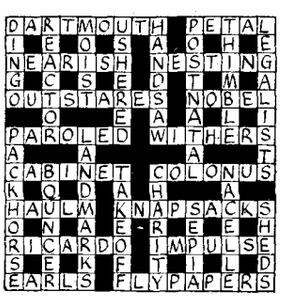
1 The least powerful have their reward in heaven (8)
5 Insensible as a retrograde nineteenth-century statesman (6)
10 Go back without a victory for it is still due (5)
11 Make the wild mule not carry me for money (9)
12 Turned out to be the end of an Edwardian letter? (7)
13 Shorten with a spanner (7)
14 The devil went abroad and got better (8)
16 Begin with a point on the south coast (5)
19 Where to spend a morning on an animal (5)
21 Not many among those who have recovered are made to stay in at night (8)
24 Waugh's time-server (7)
26 Place in England which has taken an Ibsen heroine to heart (7)
27 Red but backward-looking, a peer among tories (9)
28 Southern town gives voice to the north (5)
29 Is frightened of turning sadder (6)
30 Hair does get untidy in the country (8)

DOWN

1 In bed it makes the loud softer (6)
2 The outer coating of pride is me made up (9)
3 Spill for one who gets off (7)
4 Pay for the enclosure in change (5)
6 Royal family upper-class in origin? (7)
7 Correct me in the finish (5)
8 Appears breathless about the match for they are often taken to hospital (8)
9 Think about mother as source of fragrance (8)
15 A house of evil with horse-play inside (8)
17 If pointless these stories would provide material for a scene (9)
18 Quite overcome, teams change colour (8)
20 A woman was wounded and spoke incoherently (7)
22 Shifty dealer given about a thousand for stone (7)
23 Woman who wants finish in a garment (6)
25 Angry, that is, about a deserter (5)
26 Arrest or dismissal (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to No 1286



Prizewinners to No 1286

Mrs M. Imber (London EC1)
Norman Rabinowicz (New York)
Mrs P. Gaylard (Bridgend)

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APPOINTMENTS

Melbourne State College

PRINCIPAL

Melbourne State College is the largest college of advanced education in Australia specialising in teacher education. The 1978 enrolment was 4,327 students. The College is located in the inner-Melbourne suburb of Carlton and offers a wide range of under-graduate studies in arts and crafts, liberal arts, commercial studies and the sciences, together with professional studies in education. Post-graduate studies are available in education, librarianship, drama in education, special education, inter-ethnic education and, from 1979, curriculum and visual communication.

Following the resignation of Dr Graham Allen, the former Principal of the College, to take up the position of Chairman of the Victorian Post-Secondary Education Commission, the Council invites applications for the position of

Principal

Duties: The Principal is the Chief Executive Officer of the College and is responsible to Council for the effective functioning of the College. In conjunction with the respective College Boards and Committees, the Principal advises Council on academic, financial, staffing, administrative and planning policy, and is also responsible for implementation of Council decisions. The Principal is expected to promote the development of the College at both State and Commonwealth levels.

Qualifications: Applicants should have distinguished records in tertiary education, preferably including an involvement with teacher education, and should possess excellent academic qualifications. Evidence of outstanding executive and organisational ability is essential.

The College reserves the right to appoint by invitation.

Salary: $37,644 (Australian) p.a.

Closing Date: Friday 16th February 1979.

Full details concerning the position, conditions of employment, information about the College, and method of application may be obtained from:

Mrs P. Hallenstein,
Chairman of Council,
Melbourne State College.
P.O. Box 5223 BB,
Melbourne, Victoria,
AUSTRALIA.
Telephone (03) 341 8392.

United Nations Association International Service
invites applications for the following posts:

1. Programme Officers for Latin America

Two Programme Officers are required to administer and develop volunteer programmes in Latin America, and to participate in the general work of the organisation. One of the Officers will have special responsibility for the servicing of existing programmes in Bolivia and Paraguay, and the other will be required to investigate the scope for volunteer involvement in Brazil, spending six months there during 1979.
Both posts are staff appointments, requiring relevant work experience in Latin America and fluency in Spanish or Portuguese. The salary will be on a scale (including London weighting) from about £3,900.

2. Vacancies Overseas

In Upper Volta: a physiotherapist to work with children at a polio centre; a horticulturalist with knowledge of cold storage, an agricultural economist and a civil engineer for various rural development projects.

In Bolivia: a mineral analyst to work at a miners' institute, and a mechanical engineer.

In Paraguay: a social worker to work with common-law prisoners' families.

In the Middle East: a course-developer to help establish a small polytechnic, and an experienced English-language teacher.

These posts are two-year assignments on 'volunteer' terms (modest living allowance, other grants, travel, insurance, etc.). Appropriate qualifications and work experience are required for all posts. UNAIS will provide any necessary language training and other orientation.

Applications: for application forms and further details of both staff and volunteer posts, write with outline c.v. to:

The Secretary,
UNA International Service,
3 Whitehall Court,
LONDON SW1A 2EL.
Tel. 01-930 0679

PRODUCER/ DIRECTOR

Thames Television requires a Producer/Director for the Current Affairs Department to work on a range of programmes including "Thames Report" and "T.V. Eye".

Applicants must have several years of current affairs experience working against deadlines and making judgements under pressure. They must be resourceful and politically aware. The initial contract will be for one year.
Please apply to the Senior Staff Relations Officer, Thames Television, 306 Euston Road, London NW1 3BB not later than 18th January, 1979.

THAMES

NATIONAL CONSUMER COUNCIL

Legal Policy and Consumer Affairs

There is a vacancy in NCC's Consumer Policy Unit for someone who would be responsible for various aspects of the council's work on consumer affairs, and in particular for developing the legal policy aspects of such work.

Applicants should have had a legal training. Experience in planning or directing social research and skill in communication are desirable.

Starting salary £5,858 rising to £6,985 per annum. Details and application form from:

Mrs Jane Green,
Secretary, NCC,
18 Queen Anne's Gate,
London SW1
Tel: 01-930 5752

Closing date for return of completed forms is **17 January 1979.**

Assistant Secretary Vacancy

Applications are invited for a post of Assistant Secretary at CPSA Headquarters. The work is of a negotiating, not administrative, character in the Civil Service, Post Office and other smaller public bodies. The starting pay is £6,448.50 per annum, rising by seven annual increments to a maximum of £8,610.50 per annum, including Inner London Weighting. There is a non-contributory superannuation scheme providing for a pension and lump sum at the retiring age of 55. Full details will be supplied with the application form which can be obtained from the Assistant General Secretary, CPSA, 215 Balham High Road, London SW17 7BQ.

The preferred age range is 21-35, but candidates somewhat over the age of 35 with good experience will be considered. The closing date for receipt of applications (on forms obtainable from the Assistant General Secretary — address as above) is 7 February 1979. Further information will be supplied with the application form.

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British Medical Association

Industrial Relations Officers

The BMA is establishing a regional industrial relations service to provide advice and assistance to its members. Initially the Association is looking for industrial relations officers to work in Birmingham, Cardiff, London, Manchester, Newcastle and Southampton.

Candidates should have experience of working in industrial relations, preferably within the Health Service. Those appointed will be expected to travel extensively throughout the regions to which they are attached.

Salary within the range £4,995 - £7,032 (a supplement of £464 is payable for the London posts). Excellent contributory pension scheme.

Apply by 31 January 1979 with full career details to Personnel Administration, BMA, BMA House, Tavistock Square, London WC1H 9JP (Ref. NDE).

Programme Researchers

Thames Television is looking for a number of high calibre Programme Researchers to work in their Current Affairs Department on 'TV Eye', 'Thames Report' and 'Thames at Six', initially on a one year contract.

The successful candidates will have a good journalistic flair and will already have experience in broadcasting or newspapers. You will also need to bring knowledge of British and International politics, or enthusiasm for the news and issues of the Thames area.

If you have ideas for current affairs programmes, and like to work under pressure, you should write to The Senior Staff Relations Officer, Thames Television, 306 Euston Road, London NW1 3BB not later than 18th January 1979.

Merchant Navy and Airline Officers Assoc.

ASSISTANT RESEARCH OFFICER

The MNAOA requires an Assistant Research Officer to replace a colleague who has secured a more senior post. The MNAOA is a TUC affiliated trade union serving a membership of over 42,000 in the shipping and air transport industries.

The job of the team is to service the union organisation on current issues and subjects of future significance. This requires liaison with a wide range of outside bodies.

The ideal candidate will have a degree, some knowledge of company activities, sympathy for the aims of the trade union movement and a lively interest in current affairs.

The post is a challenging one with plenty of opportunity for initiating projects and contributing to union policy formation. Salary not less than £4,500.

Further details and application forms can be obtained from: **the Administration Officer, The Merchant Navy and Airline Officers Association, Oceanair House, 750-760 High Road, Leytonstone, London E11 3BB.** Closing date for applications **31 January 1979.**

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF TEACHERS IN FURTHER AND HIGHER EDUCATION

Appointment of General Secretary

The Association invites applications for the above post. The successful candidate will be expected to commence duty as soon as possible.

Applicants should have a wide knowledge of education, particularly of further and higher education, and trade union experience.

The salary will be the same as the maximum of a Group 7 Principal on the Burnham Further Education Scales (£12,684 p.a. gross) together with London Allowance £474 p.a.).

Further details may be obtained from:

B. Brady, Assistant Secretary (Admin.), NATFHE, Hamilton House, Mabledon Place, London WC1H 9BH. (Tel: 01-387 6806).

The closing date for applications is **Wednesday 31 January 1979.**

DIRECTOR OF ASH

(Action on Smoking and Health)

This job comprises directing and developing action by a growing charitable organisation to prevent the single most serious cause of all ill-health in the U.K. today. It requires skilled communication with and through the media; working with politicians and Government at all levels; countering tobacco sales promotion; working closely with doctors and other health professionals; co-ordinating information, education, and research; organising conferences; and promoting international co-operation.

Salary: £7,500 p.a.

Applications by 17 January 1979, with full C.V. and names of three referees to The Chairman, Doctor K. P. Ball, ASH, 27 Mortimer Street, London W1N 7RJ.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF RECORDED SOUND

requires an

Assistant

in the

Technical Preparation Department

to prepare material for the archive including recording of broadcasts, copying of recorded material and theatre recording. The post is temporary but there is a possibility of permanence from April 1979. Salary on scale from £3,060 p.a. (under review).

Application in writing to: **The Director, British Institute of Recorded Sound, 29 Exhibition Road, SW7,** or phone **Mrs Tamburrini 01-589 6603** for further details.

THE AMALGAMATED UNION OF ENGINEERING WORKERS

— Engineering Section,

in continuing to extend its educational facilities, requires a person to contribute to this development, both organisationally and by lecturing as well as being an 'Ideas Person'.

Applications, stating age, experience, and qualifications, should be made to **John Boyd, CBE, General Secretary, AUEW, 110 Peckham Rd, London SE15 5EL.**

COMMONWEALTH YOUTH EXCHANGE COUNCIL

DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

This is a new post to develop youth exchanges between Britain and other countries throughout the Commonwealth.

It will involve preliminary research and evaluation; personal inquiries and visits within the UK; promotional tasks such as talks, seminars and liaison with the media; and working as a member of a small secretarial team.

Applicants should preferably have experience of working with young people both in Britain and overseas. They should be articulate; be able to get on with others regardless of their age or race; and have a lively, friendly and helpful disposition.

Salary: £4,383 - £5,497 plus London Weighting, LVs and expenses.

Further details and application forms from: **Executive Secretary, CYEC, 4 Park Place, St James's Street, London SW1A 1LR. Tel: 01-493 9181.**

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WORLD UNIVERSITY SERVICE (UK)
requires a

PROJECT OFFICER (Administration)

For our Latin American scholarship programme to be responsible for financial planning and administration. As the work involves preparing detailed financial estimates and statistics for internal and external committees/bodies, it is essential that the person appointed is numerate and experienced in administration. An understanding of Latin American development issues and refugee situations will be necessary. A basic knowledge of Spanish would be useful but not essential. Salary is on scale £3,963 - £4,683. Closing date for completed applications **24 January 1979**. For further details write to: **Kathy McGuinness, World University Service (UK), 20/21 Compton Terrace, London N1 2UN.**

PRESTON POLYTECHNIC

Applications are invited for the posts of

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PRINCIPAL LECTURER IN SOCIAL WORK

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Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from the Staffing Officer, Preston Polytechnic, Corporation Street, Preston PR1 2TQ. Closing date for receipt of applications 24 January 1979.

AMALGAMATED UNION OF ENGINEERING WORKERS

ENGINEERING SECTION

Research and Technical Department Vacancies

Arising from promotions and other changes, a few vacancies exist in our Research and Technical Services Department.

The Department covers a wide range of subjects such as industrial, economic and legislative matters. The work involved includes the preparation of material and reports on numerous research, policy, technical, administrative and production data.

The present salary starts at £4,006.60 per annum, plus £6 per week London Weighting.

If interested, please apply to:

John Boyd C.B.E.
General Secretary,
AUEW Engineering Section,
110 Peckham Road,
London SE15 5EL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE OF NORTH WALES, BANGOR

Applications are invited for the post of

TUTORIAL ASSISTANT

in the

DEPARTMENT OF PSYCHOLOGY.

The successful applicant will be required to assist with lectures, tutorials and practical classes.

The appointment, to commence on a mutually-agreed date but terminating on 20 June 1980, will be to the lower portion of the Other Related 1B Scale: £3,384 - £3,634 - £3,883 per annum.

Applications (two copies), together with the names and addresses of three referees, should be sent to the Assistant Registrar (Personnel), University College of North Wales, Bangor, Gwynedd, LL57 2DG, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

Closing date for applications: 15 January 1979.

TEA, A CHAT AND A JOB at the Winifred Johnson Office Staff Bureau, 118 New Bond Street, W1 (opp. Fenwick's). 493 3005.

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UNIVERSITY OF ESSEX

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Applications are invited for the post of Lecturer (salary scale £3,883-£7,754 under review) in the field of Comparative Politics for appointment from 1 October 1979. Applicants may have any kind of specialisation in the general field of comparative politics.

Applications (nine copies), including a curriculum vitae and the names and addresses of two referees, should reach the Registrar (AG/60/NS), University of Essex, Wivenhoe Park, Colchester CO4 3SQ, from whom further particulars may be obtained by 29 January 1979.

NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SOCIAL SERVICE

EDITOR/WRITER

to take charge of Editorial and Press Unit

The NCSS exists to promote and develop the work and interests of voluntary organisations. The Council wishes to make this senior appointment within the Information Department. Responsibilities will include the planning and production of a new quarterly magazine to be launched in Autumn 1979, the postholder being editor and main writer. Additional responsibilities include promotion of the Council through Press and public relations and editorial oversight of the Council's monthly information bulletin.

Salary: £4,383 - £5,497 p.a., plus £133 London Weighting (under review). Four weeks and three days annual leave. Superannuation scheme. Subsidised canteen.

Further details and application form from the Personnel Officer, NCSS, 26 Bedford Square, London WC1 3HU. Tel: 01-636 4066. Closing date: 17 January 1979.

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LECTURER

A lecturer is required to teach courses on the Japanese economy. An additional interest in agricultural and rural development in Asia would be a distinct advantage.

The appointment will commence in late 1979 or as soon as possible thereafter.

Salary will be in the range $A15,179 to $A19,940.

Further details may be obtained from the Association of Commonwealth Universities (Appts), 36 Gordon Square, London WC1H 0PF.

Closing date for applications is 5 February 1979.

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Salary £5,727 - £6,342 inclusive.

Applications are invited from graduates, preferably with administrative experience in post-compulsory education, for a new post to assist the Council's Secretary. Duties include committee servicing, report drafting and general administration. Closing date for applications (no application form) 19 January 1979.

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE

Salary up to £6,555 subject to review.

Applications are invited from graduates with social science research experience for a 15 months appointment from 1 April 1979 to undertake an inquiry into the development of Continuing Education policies and provision in England and Wales. Personal experience in post-compulsory education would be advantageous. In view of the limited duration of the appointment applications on a secondment basis and from persons recently retired will be considered. Closing date for applications (no application form) 9 February 1979.

Further details of both posts obtainable from The Secretary, ACACE, 19b De Montfort St, Leicester LE1 7GE (0533 542770).

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Applications, marked Confidential, to The Secretary, TUCICD, Bedford Chambers, Covent Garden, London WC2, by 15 January, 1979.

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Candidates should have considerable knowledge of African political development and some experience of the area, and an ability to make objective political judgements.

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Vol. 97 No. 2494
5 January 1979
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Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON
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FREE PUBLIC LECTURES,
SPRING TERM 1979

Mons. and Weds. 15, 17, 22, 24 Jan. at 5.30, Lord Northcliffe Lectures in Literature by Professor D. P. Walker, 'Possession and Exorcism in France and England in the later 16th Century'.

Tues. and Thurs. 23, 25, 30 Jan. at 5.30, Shearman Memorial Lectures by Mr Michael A. E. Dummett, 'The Justification and Criticism of Logical Laws'.

Friday 2 Feb. at 5.30, Commonwealth Fund Lecture in American History by Professor Morton Keller, 'American Politics in Comparative Perspective 1900-1933'.

Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required.)

'NEW THINKING on Development'. Harford Thomas, Guardian columnist, speaks to Westminster UNA. Tues. 9 Jan. 7.15, St Barnabas Church Hall, Ranelagh Grove, SW1. All welcome.

ADLERIAN FORUM: Panel of experts to answer your questions. Tuesday 9 Jan. 7.30 p.m. Join us for refreshments at our New Venue Community Rooms, Millman Street (East Side), WC1. Visitors welcome 50p (students 25p). ASGB, 01-789 8086.

THE SHADOW PARLIAMENT CLUB, The Political Pundits' Debating Forum welcomes new members. 01-459 8225.

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THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Public Talk Sun. 7 Jan. 8 p.m. 'Memory of Past Lives'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2.

Conference

MIND (NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR MENTAL HEALTH)
22 Harley St, London W1N 2ED

Joint MIND/'Community Care' Conference

'ACTING ON THE ACT'

– a radical investigation of the government White Paper, 'Review of the 1959 Mental Health Act'

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Fee: £13.

Application forms/details from Conference Secretary, MIND, 22 Harley Street, London W1N 2ED. Tel: 01-637 0741.

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